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GOING TO CLEAN UP THE EARTH.

A GOOD DEAL BEFORE THEM, AND CONSIDERABLE BEHIND THEM.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

(TWENTY-FOUR PAGES.)

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CONSTITUTIONAL CIVIL SERVICE REFORM.

THE recent decision of the highest judicial tribunal of the State of New York, the Court of Appeals, has carried consternation into the ranks of the spoils politicians. The case was that of JOHN W. McCLELLAND, a clerk appointed by the Superintendent of Public Works, whose application for payment of salary was refused by the Comptroller of the State on the ground that he, the clerk, had not been certified to by the Civil Service Commission as having been appointed on the ground of the required civil service examination. The Court of Appeals sustained the Comptroller, basing its decision mainly upon the clause in the new Constitution which provides that "appointments and promotions in the civil service of the State, and in all the civil divisions thereof, including cities and villages, shall be made according to merit and fitness, to be ascertained, so far as practicable, by examinations, which, so far as practicable, shall be competitive.... Laws shall be made to provide for the enforcement of this section." To leave no doubt of its interpretation of this clause, the Court of Appeals says: "The principle that all appointments in the civil service must be made according to merit and fitness, to be ascertained by competitive examination, is expressed in such broad and imperative language that in some respects it must be regarded as beyond the control of the Legislature, and secure from any mere statutory changes. If the Legislature should repeal all the statutes and regulations on the subject of appointments in the civil service the mandate of the Constitution would still remain, and would so far execute itself as to require the courts, in a proper case, to pronounce appointments made without compliance with its requirements illegal." It declares, further on: "Whatever doubt or distrust may exist with regard to the possibility of obtaining for the law an honest and fair execution, there is none, and can be none, at least among thinking men, with respect to its ultimate beneficial effect upon the service.... In so far as its administration may depend upon the action of the judicial department, it is entitled to, and doubtless will, receive a fair and liberal construction, not only according to its letter, but its true spirit and the general purpose of its enactment."

The meaning of this is very simple and obvious. The Court of Appeals gives clear and emphatic notice to the spoils politicians that whenever by hook or crook they contrive to snatch any appointments to office from the operation of the civil service law, they will, as soon as the matter comes before the courts, have to show that in the case of those appointments competitive examination was not "practicable," and that if they fail to show this, the courts will, according to "the true spirit and the general purpose" of the constitutional provision, hold that the person so appointed shall not be paid. As to the question, what is "practicable," the courts have, on former occasions, given us to understand that they hold it not to be a question of mere theory, nor even of arbitrary legislative discretion, but of fact. What has been shown to be practicable will be held to be practicable. If the Legislature should enact that it is not practicable to apply the civil service rules to public employments the compensation for which is less than four dollars a day, or when an officer exercising the power of appointment pretends that this or that place should be exempt because it requires some special qualification, or bears in some occult way a so-called "confidential" character, the cobweb of such pretences will easily be swept away by the production of the proof that here or elsewhere places of similar character are actually governed by civil service rules. In fact, it will be hard to show any among the subordinate places in the public service of the State or of our municipalities to which the application of the civil service rules has not been proved to be practicable.

Nor will there be any difficulty under the laws of this State in bringing any circumvention of the constitutional provision before the courts. And the spoils politicians may depend upon it that they will be keenly watched, and whenever they attempt to trifle with the Constitution and the law promptly brought to bar by the civil service reform associations, who consider this as one of their principal duties. Considering the hopelessness of their struggle against the courts—a hopelessness which since that decision by the Court of Appeals even the dullest intelligence must recognize—might it not be expected that the spoilsmen would at last surrender? Or, if that is hoping too much of the ordinary run of political hacks, might it not reasonably be expected that at least respectable men, such as Mayor WURSTER of Brooklyn, and Mr. WILLIS, the successor of Mr. ALFRED T. WHITE in the Public Works Department of that city, would promptly, and even joyfully, comply with their constitutional obligation and carefully abstain from anything that might look like an evasion of it? Is it not a pity to see them resort to shuffles which are far from being in accordance with "the true spirit and the general purpose" of the constitutional provision, in order to filch a few offices from the domain of the civil service rules? Are they not ashamed to pretend that they evade the competitive rule in the interest of the public service, while they have to confess to themselves that they do it merely to the end of putting political favorites into profitable places, or of propitiating political workers by yielding to their clamor for spoil? Is it compatible with their self-respect to do things which are almost certain to be set aside as illegal by judicial decision?

It is worthy of note that of late it is mainly the Republican party that provokes rebuke of this kind. Not only in Brooklyn has its greed for plunder put itself on exhibition. In Albany it has delivered the police altogether into the hands of the spoilsmen. In Massachusetts it has sought to undermine the whole civil service system by a most iniquitous veteran law, as hurtful to the State as it is disgraceful to the veterans. And in Maryland, where the overthrow of the GORMAN machine, accomplished in the name of reform last autumn, seemed to authorize such high expectations, the Republicans have shamelessly falsified every promise and inaugurated a spoils carnival as scandalous as anything ever done by Tammany Hall. That such repulsive displays, which are characteristic of the death-struggle of the spoils system, will not arrest, or even seriously impede, the progress of civil service reform may be regarded as certain. But they will be apt to turn up and to affect the minds of many thousands of voters at a time when the Republican party least desires it.

THE POLITICAL SITUATION.

THE Republican leaders have assumed, ever since the result of the election of 1894 was declared, that their party's success in the Presidential election was assured. They have counted on retaining the enormous vote which was then cast for their candidates for Congress, and which elected a Republican majority of 112 in a total of 356 in the national House of Representatives. It is strange that such fatuity should possess the minds of men who have passed their lives in the active practice of American politics, and the phenomenon cannot be accounted for on any other theory than that politicians in this country are not intelligent observers of current events, and do not remember those facts of recent history that are most important to them. If the Republican party were governed by that high degree of acumen that characterizes the American in his daily business, the leaders would recall the significant fact that in 1892 it was the Democratic party that obtained a vast majority of the votes of the people of the United States, and that a change in 1896 from Republican to Democratic ascendency would not be more startling than was the change of 1894. Moreover, they would remember also that the people punished the Democrats in 1894 quite as much for what they did not do as for what they did, and that the failure of the Democratic majority in Congress to enact sound tariff and sound currency legislation was its most grievous sin in the eyes of the honest people who are insisting with growing determination and passion on voting for the welfare of the country and against the mere interests of party politicians. Surely, if ever a victorious party should have understood that its retention of power depended on its accomplishment of some good to the country, it was the Republican party after its great victory of 1894.

Notwithstanding the fact that the way to success lay clearly through a vigorous sound-money policy in legislation, and by an overturning of the "bosses," the Republican party has done absolutely nothing for the relief of the financial interests of the country or against the rule of the "bosses." There is not a candidate for the Republican nomination who dare offend the free-coinage men by declaring himself in favor of the single gold standard. There is not one who dare denounce the rule of PLATT in New York, or of QUAY in Pennsylvania. There is not one who will admit, in public, that McKinleyism is dead. The other day in the Senate, when Mr. CARTER of Montana, chairman of the Republican National Committee, declared that he and his friends, and not the Eastern Senators, were the real Republicans, because he and his were silver men, Senator HOAR could not assure him too quickly, with a qualification, that he, the representative of enlightened Massachusetts, was as enamored of silver as were the Senators from the new Northwestern States. It is true that the silver men have shown a disposition to cut loose from the Republican party because its most prominent "sound-money" men continue to try to deceive them with platitudes about "international bimetallism," but if CARTER, DUBOIS, TELLER, WOLCOTT, and their followers really go, it will not be because they are driven forth by the party's assertions of honest-money sentiments. They will go in spite of the party's pleadings to them to remain.

The great Republican majority in the House of Representatives has refused to come to the relief of the Treasury. Speaker REED used to boast of the fact that he made the Fifty-first Congress a business Congress. He is making this Congress idle and cowardly. He dare not speak his mind on any question before the country; but he is responsible, notwithstanding his silence, for the failure of the House to pass a gold bond bill. He is courting the silver men. McKINLEY is speechless, but we know that he represents a tariff policy that the country has repudiated, and that he championed the SHERMAN act because it would enable the silver-mine owners of the country to sell their whole product to the government at more than its market price. ALLISON, too, is speechless; but we know him to be the author of the silver-purchasing scheme, which, under the name of BLAND, who did not deserve that particular dishonor, filled the Treasury vaults with silver dollars. Both he and McKINLEY are now presented as candidates by the Republicans of their respective States with the assurance that they are bimetallists. If Governor MORTON were a serious candidate it might be frankly admitted that he would be for sound money if he were elected President. But he is not a serious candidate. PLATT is fooling him, though he is not fooling the country. The weakness and vice of the Republican situation are intensified by those two cunning masters of trade who are, between them, carrying around 136 votes to sell in the convention for promises of patronage, perhaps for cabinet places. A boss-ruled party with silent candidates, who are afraid to state their positions on the vital questions of the day, who hope to see their party win by the momentum obtained two years ago, or who are willing, at least, to divert public attention from these questions by barbarous Jingo outcries—this is the situation in the Republican party to-day.

It is possibly premature to speak of the situation in the Democratic party, but this at least is true, that among politicians only Democrats are making bold aggressive campaigns for sound money and against "boss" rule. The Democratic revolts in New York against MURPHY, in Ohio against BRICE, in Maryland against GORMAN, in Kentucky against BLACKBURN, are healthier political movements than are to be found in the Republican party. Moreover, among politicians there is no response to the sound-money contest that is being made in the press, and on the platform, and by means of pamphlets, except by Democrats. There is no Republican who is making such a contest for honest money, whereby we mean the single gold standard,

as is Congressman CLARKE in Alabama. There is no Republican sound-money man in Missouri like Congressman HALL. There is not only no Republican politician who stands equal with Mr. CLEVELAND, but there is not one who will aid him effectively to maintain the credit of the country. Undoubtedly the most prominent and promising candidate at present for the Democratic nomination is Secretary CARLISLE, and he represents what no Republican candidate stands for. He is not afraid to speak his mind in favor of sound money, meaning the single gold standard. He does not yield to the party caucus of his State when it nominates a silver man for Senator. Every one knows his attitude, and every one must respect the fine courage which makes him so great a contrast to the Republican aspirants for the Presidency.

After last fall's elections the WEEKLY said: "We believe, if the Republicans nominate a trimmer, or a man either tainted with the evil of bossism or possessed of unsound currency views, and if the Democrats nominate a candidate of good character and ability, that many of those who voted the Republican ticket at the last election will vote for the Democrat, while the vast army of this year's stay-at-homes will go to the polls."

We believe now that a sound-money Democrat on a sound-money platform will defeat any Republican trimmer on a two-faced platform.

THE RAINES BILL AND THE GOVERNOR.

THE Republican Legislature has passed the excise bill made by Mr. PLATT. It is improbable now that it will refuse to obey his commands in any particular. Indeed, Senator RAINES, in whose name the PLATT liquor bill masquerades, delivered a eulogy on his party's master in the speech in which he advocated the measure. The Republicans who control affairs at Albany glory in their submission to this "boss," whose election to the United States Senate less than twenty years ago was regarded as a deep disgrace to the State.

In their last platform the Republicans of the State falsely declared that "the reform measures which the people of the city of New York asked for, and which were indispensable to the complete overthrow of the corrupt political machine that had so long plundered and betrayed the great metropolis of the State, were, with a single exception, enacted into law." If the people of the city of New York ask for anything, it is (1) for the right to govern themselves, and (2) for freedom from the control of bipartisan "bosses," or "bosses" of any kind. They ask that the liquor trade shall be taken out of politics, and that it shall be made impossible for the police ever to renew the blackmailing operations which Mr. GOFF exposed, and which once enured to the gain of both political parties. The answer made by the last Republican Legislature to this request was an act legalizing the bipartisan commission system under which the blackmailing of vice had chiefly flourished. The answer made by the present Legislature is a measure which more firmly establishes the politicians' control of the liquor trade, but gives to the Republican party the larger interest in the bad business and the larger share of the profits.

This is the frank intention of the RAINES excise bill. It taxes the trade in the cities for the benefit of the rural districts, and it gives the control of the liquor traffic throughout the State to the Republican machine. If Tammany should again obtain control of the police force in the city, the old partnership will be renewed, and the treasury in Fourteenth Street will be replenished from the tills of the bar-rooms. Until that time the Republican machine will enjoy the larger share of the plunder.

It has been apparent from the beginning of the war on Tammany that neither PLATT nor CROKER would consent to better the excise law. In other words, it has been apparent that they would not consent to give up the opportunity to sell to liquor-dealers the privilege of violating the law. The RAINES bill is based upon this corrupt principle. It may add $250,000 to the State's salary list; but, what is of far more importance, it will give to the Republican machine the power to levy blackmail on the liquor-dealers from New York city to Buffalo, for the increase of both campaign and personal funds. It will apply to the whole State the corrupt methods which Tammany and machine Republicans pursued in New York, the exposure of which so greatly shocked this long-suffering community two years ago.

It is the duty of Governor MORTON to veto such a bill as this; and if he permits it to pass into law, it will be because he has become completely the tool of PLATT, and has thereby earned the regretful contempt of good men who once honored and trusted him.

CUBA IN CONGRESS.

THE quiet of peace settled on the Senate and House of Representatives after the resolutions concerning Cuba had been passed. It was evident that the members did not want to go any further in the disgraceful business. They had satisfied what they supposed to be the desires of their constituents, and a few of those who had been active in making belligerent appeals to the country found out that they had misinterpreted popular sentiment. The protests were especially strong after it was discovered that the charges that had been made against the Spaniards in Cuba by Senator SHERMAN were probably false.

Congress, and especially the Senate, has been recently engaged in many disgraceful enterprises, but in none that so humiliates the country in the eyes of the civilized world. Resolutions insisting on belligerency have been passed without a particle of evidence that belligerency really exists. The arguments made by members of either House might have sustained a declaration of war if the statements contained in them had been true and the inferences just; but the statements were not true, and the inferences were not just. When the statements were first made, the WEEKLY pointed out that the only charge was of outrages alleged to have been committed by WEYLER twenty or twenty-five years ago, and that this charge was made in a newspaper translation of a book by an unknown author, whose name, according to Senator SHERMAN, was ENRIQUE DONDERIO. It now turns out, according to the statement of the Spanish minister at Washington, that the author's real name was DONDERIS, and that he was a fugitive from Cuba. Moreover, we have the minister's assurance that WEYLER's name does not appear in the book. Mr. LODGE, also, was guilty of mistranslating General WEYLER's proclamation.

This is a humiliating exposure, all the more humiliating because Senator SHERMAN has not seen fit to apologize for his misstatement—a misstatement that was not only unjust to Spain, but that deceived the Senate and the country. The only reply that the Senators involved—SHERMAN and LODGE—have made to the Spanish minister's calm and courteous correction was an "arraignment" of him for violating diplomatic usage in "criticising" a Senator. If either of these Senators had really desired to be just and fair in this matter—if they were patriots instead of Jingoes—they would have thanked the Spanish minister for the service he had rendered to the truth in these troublous times. But they do not care for the truth. What they want is to conceal the domestic issues which they fear by bellicose outcries against some country which they think cannot afford to fight us.

The contrast between our Jingo politicians and the statesmen of Spain who have spoken on this subject is the contrast, we regret to say, between gentlemen and bullies. We cannot say this, however, without speaking of the honorable exceptions in Washington; for there are men there who are sane and courteous amid the madness and the ruffianism. And especially must we speak of Senator HALE's admirable speech. One cannot read it and Senator GRAY's protest against LODGE and TELLER's unseemly assault on the Spanish minister without being thankful that there are still some gentlemen in American public life.

A PEACEFUL CONQUEST OF SPAIN.

UNFORTUNATELY it seems to be beyond question that the riotous anti-American demonstrations in the principal cities of the Spanish Peninsula are of a more or less serious nature. After making due allowance for the sensational coloring that has been given to the despatches from that country, there still remain uncontradicted accounts of many noisy processions, of a few acts of violence, and of repressive measures for which we must assume a necessity, or at least an occasion. Courteous and conciliatory as the Spanish government has shown itself, we can hardly believe that, merely in token of good-will, it would (for example) have closed the doors of universities that had given no offence. Nor can we get a very clear light on the subject of the Spanish émeutes by considering the warlike harangues, the flag-burning and effigy-hanging, that have been reported from various parts of our own country. To be sure, we know that some of these anti-Spanish demonstrations have been merely jocose, others insignificant or silly, and that the people in general have read of them with disapproval, or, at best, a rather scornful amusement; but as the noisy spirits here have not gone the length of breaking Spanish consuls' windows, we should not be justified in reasoning from the known to the unknown, and from the unrepresentative character of such American demonstrations proving that seventeen millions of inhabitants of Spain are innocent of the hostile views altogether too forcibly expressed by rowdies in Barcelona and Madrid, Cadiz, Valencia, and Bilbao.

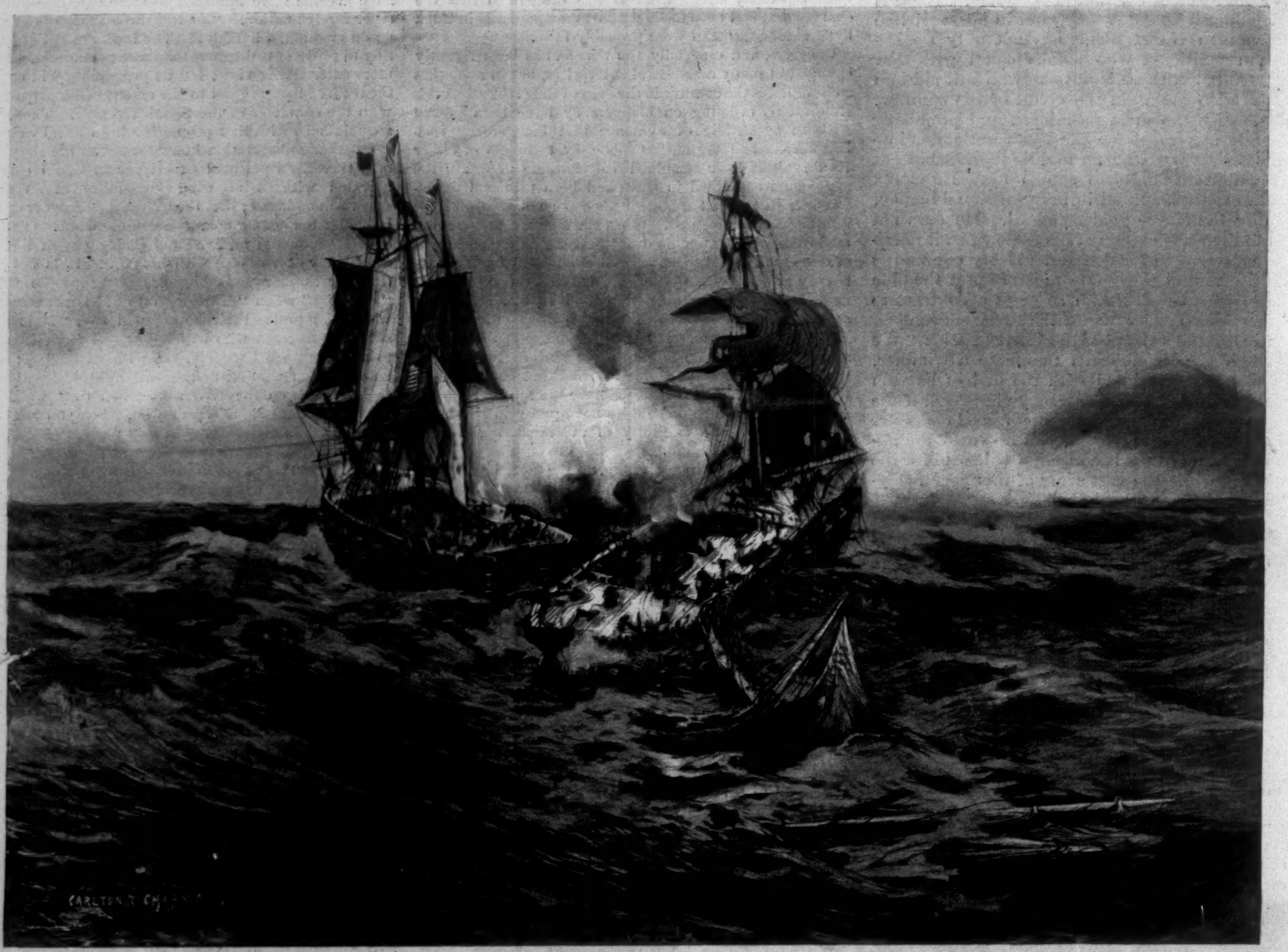
But, on the other hand, the press and the people of this country are not justified in giving to the despatches from Spain the least favorable and most unfriendly interpretation. Or let us rather say that our readers are not *obliged* to adopt the most unfavorable view. It appears to have been taken for granted that the Spanish processions, vociferations, flag-burnings, and showy "insults" were sincerely warlike, and expressed genuine enmity towards ourselves. No one, so far as we have noticed, has suggested that these manifestations may be, in part, frothy Carlist and republican protests against the monarchy, with more politics than patriotism; in part, just the present phase of customary Spanish emotional self-indulgence. Jingo editors have as yet given no sign of suspecting that in certain quarters such excitement is indispensable; that among certain interesting groups of our fellow-beings the opportunity to "insult" some one is a distinct boon, and that our legislators have unwittingly made a Spanish holiday. The possibility—nay, the probability—has been overlooked that where one Spaniard, with actual and lasting hatred in his heart, has cried, "Down with the United States!" a score of his compatriots have slyly, and with quick gratitude, acknowledged that the United States have become more interesting—more exciting—than any other foreign nation. "At last these Yankees have given us an emotion, a holiday!" The facts are not at hand either to prove or to disprove this more pacific and, we think, more entertaining view; but its probability will appeal to the reader in proportion to the extent of his acquaintance with the character of the Spanish people. Those whose acquaintance with that people has been won by close and sympathetic observation know that even the simple facts of a traveller's personal experience in Spain cannot be narrated without arousing incredulity in an average American audience; that the untravelled listener or reader is bewildered among characters whose manners and forms of address, whose motives and philosophy of life, are so completely at variance with his own. It is not merely that the auditor finds himself among people who say "Good-by" when "How do you do?" is expected; who, when you praise their house, will say, "It is yours"; among gentlemen who will follow and pay compliments to an unprotected woman, yet without offence; among gentlewomen who enjoy the bull-fight, but will not lift their eyes from the pavement when they walk in the streets; among shopkeepers who, when you ask if they have a certain article for sale, may reply, "God knows"; among correspondents who assert that they "kiss your hand" when they mean to express no more deference than is contained in a simple "yours truly." These are obvious external differences: the real question relates to differences in the conception of life and duty.

And here, it seems to us, is an extraordinary opportunity offered to the American novelists. In the Spanish and Spanish-American types a new field would seem to lie open to those talents that have been admirably busied with the Southern mountaineer, the New-Englander, the negro, the Western miner and cowboy. The present difficulty with Spain suggests a curious problem that is to be worked out in this hemisphere—perhaps one of the most important problems of the future, both for the United States and for the republics lying south of us. This new world has made strange bedfellows. The problem confronts us now; and extends indefinitely into the future, for it grows out of the juxtaposition of races that have difficulty in understanding each other, yet somehow must reach an *entente*. The whole field—not adequately essayed since WASHINGTON IRVING's time—lies open to peaceful literary conquest.

O'ERLEAPING AMBITION.

AFRICA seems likely to prove a valuable school of political instruction to the nations of Europe. The Dark Continent probably hides many lessons in its future history, and some of them may be even more bitter and less easy to read than the one from which Italy is suffering to-day; for it can hardly be said that Italy's Abyssinian troubles constitute a very abstruse problem. It is true that she has suffered a defeat as severe as it was probably unexpected, and that she has so suffered while merely following the example of her neighbors in performing the operation euphemistically known as "extending her sphere of influence." What she has been trying to do in Abyssinia France is doing in northern Africa, Germany both on the east and west of the continent, and England everywhere; and it probably seems hard that she alone should experience so much ill luck in the attempt. The lesson as applied to Italy would seem to be that it is not always safe to follow even a good example. One man, says an old proverb, may take a horse while it is not safe for another to look at him over the fence. Time has yet to show how far some of the European horse-taking in Africa has been safe, but so far Italy's look over the Abyssinian boundary fence has proved to be worse than hazardous.

The secret of the trouble is really an open one. The policy of Italy during the last ten years has been an ambitious one—greatly in excess of the resources of the country. Whatever may be said of the magnificence of her past history, and however great may be the natural pride of her people in consequence, the kingdom of Italy is not at present in reality one of the great powers of Europe, and she has done her people an injury by assuming the airs and responsibilities of one. To maintain an equal position in the triple alliance she has overburdened her people and impoverished her treasury, and, instead of adding to her strength and stability as a nation, each step she has taken in this direction has been a source of weakness. The mistaken ambition to keep her earthen pot afloat beside the bravest pots of brass in the stream of politics is responsible also for her Abyssinian disasters. Ambition lay at the root of her attempt to establish a great Italian colony in Africa. It is true that in the end France may not gain anything by extending her rule over northern Africa, but, at any rate, for the present she can afford the luxury; Germany may or may not find that she can transplant either the people or the methods of the fatherland into eastern or southwestern Africa, but at least she has the means of making the experiment without serious danger; England, unless involved in European complications in the process, will no doubt, true to her instincts, make Africa pay, and she can afford to run some risks to do so. In all these cases there may be dangers, but they are different, both in kind and degree, from those which Italy ran in following their example. Some of those nations may have no need of colonies, but assuredly Italy had none. To some of them the experiments they are making may end in loss; it is difficult to see how they can result in anything else to her.



ENGAGEMENT BETWEEN THE "HORNET" AND THE "PENGUIN," ON MARCH 23, 1815.—DRAWN BY CARLTON T. CHAPMAN.

THE "HORNET" AND THE "PENGUIN."

BY JAMES BARNES.

LIEUTENANT JAMES BIDDLE had distinguished himself in the Mediterranean in the war with the Barbary pirates, having been one of the officers captured with Captain Bainbridge on board the *Philadelphia*, and being with Bainbridge held prisoner during those historic months of captivity in Tripoli. Biddle was a young man of much determination, and his career as a junior officer was full of adventure and the successful overcoming of hardships. On the outbreak of the war of 1812 he sought every opportunity to be in the thick of it, neglecting no chance to distinguish himself or to add lustre to his name.

In the action between the *Wasp* and his British Majesty's sloop-of-war the *Frolic*, Biddle proved himself to have the proper spirit of a leader, and both he and Captain Jones were honored by Congress and the country after their short sojourn in an English prison; for it must be remembered that the *Wasp* and her prize were taken, within a few hours after their engagement, by a British 74, the *Poictiers*.

Upon his return to the United States, Biddle was promoted to the rank of Captain, and at this time Captain James Lawrence, in consequence of his own promotion, had just left the sloop-of-war *Hornet*, which, under him, had fought so bravely and so fortunately in the southern seas. Captain Biddle asked for the command of the *Hornet* immediately upon Lawrence's leaving her (she was then lying in New York Harbor), and his request was granted, orders being given him to join his vessel with the frigate *Chesapeake*, then at Boston, nearly ready for a cruise. But he and the brave Lawrence were never to make a voyage in company. News travelled slowly in those days, and young Captain Biddle went on with his preparations, sailing at last without hearing of the sad fate of his superior.

By the capture of the *Chesapeake*, however, all the signals and orders had fallen into the hands of the enemy. Immediately a frigate and several smaller vessels were sent out by the British to intercept the *Hornet*.

Captain Biddle had weighed anchor not alone, however, but in company with the frigates *United States* and *Macedonian*, going from New York through the Sound, as there was then a large British blockading force off Sandy Hook. The little American squadron was under the command of Commodore Decatur.

On the first day of June, within sight of Montauk Point, the three Yankee vessels were met by a larger and heavier force of the enemy. Decatur put back into the Sound and entered New London Harbor, closely pursued by the British—a ship of the line leading. In this chase the *Hornet*, being deep laden and consequently slow, was nearly overtaken, being fired at by the two headmost ships at quite near range. The American vessels, coming through Fishers Island Sound, proceeded up the river Thames, and were moored across it, stem to stern, in order the better to defend themselves.

A long and tedious blockade now began, and Biddle's anxious spirit and courageous disposition fretted under the confinement. It was his first command; he was extremely anxious to measure his strength with an enemy of a force equal to his own, and he tried again and again to obtain permission to make an attempt to elude the British squadron at the mouth of the river, but in this he failed, Decatur, his senior, forbidding him to risk the venture. For six long months no move was made by either side, although alarms were frequent.

Early in January, 1814, the blockading forces at New London were the *Ramillies*, 74, Commodore Sir Thomas Hardy, the *Endymion*, Captain Hope, and the *Statira* frigate, Captain Stackpole. There were also one or two smaller armed vessels within call. Upon one occasion an American prisoner of war, who was about to be landed at New London in exchange, was present during a conversation amongst the English officers, who, tired of acting as jailers, were anxious for a conflict. Upon landing he reported what he had heard to the Americans, and Captain Biddle, under a flag of truce, obtained an interview with Sir Thomas Hardy on board the *Ramillies*. He did his best to secure a meeting between the two frigates, *United States* and the *Macedonian*, on one side, and the *Endymion* and the *Statira* on the other.

Sir Thomas, after thinking the matter over, declined the meeting between the *Endymion* and the *United States* on account of the difference in force, the captain of the *Statira* did not wish to try it alone, and so the meeting fell through; and what a strange comment upon the pomp and circumstance of war! Biddle was so anxious himself to fight, and so trusted in the honor of the enemy, that, hearing that a British corvette was shortly to join the station, he would have sailed out through the hostile fleet in the *Hornet* to meet her all alone. It was the *Loup-Cervier* that was soon expected to arrive; this vessel had once been the tidy American sloop-of-war the *Wasp*, and Biddle had been second in command. Now, however, she was under a Captain Mends, and flew, instead of "the sailors' rights," the cross of St. George. However, after some correspondence, the meeting was given up, much to Biddle's chagrin, and the rechristened *Loup-Cervier* sailed out to sea after delivering despatches.

All through the winter a close blockade of New London was kept up, and it was found impossible to make any escape. At last the government ordered the two American frigates to be moved up the Thames as far as possible, and there they were dismantled. The officers and crew were transferred to other cities, while Captain Biddle was ordered to continue at New London for the protection of the shipping. In vain he protested against this hopeless and mortifying situation. The enemy made no serious preparations for trying to take the force up the river, and at last Biddle succeeded in obtaining permission to try to sail through the British fleet. Leaving the *United States* and the *Macedonian* protected by land batteries, he placed the *Hornet* in the best of trim, and on the night of the 18th of November, undiscovered, he drifted past the guardships and arrived safely at New York. It was seventeen months since he had been free.

Biddle was immediately attached with his ship to the command of Commodore Decatur again, and was ordered for a cruise to the East Indies. The frigate *President*, the flag-ship of the little squadron, went to sea on the 14th of January, 1815, and from the outset was pursued by the worst of misfortunes, that included shipwreck and final capture. On the 23d of January—not knowing the fate of the *President*—the *Peacock*, the *Hornet*, and a store-vessel went out to sea in a gale of wind. Three days afterward they separated, and hearing of the *President's* fate from a merchantman, set out for themselves. Late in March, Biddle anchored near the headlands of Tristan d'Acunha, and on the 23d of the month, off the island, a sail was discovered to the southward and eastward. The *Hornet*, gaining sight of it, raised anchor and bore up before the wind. When within five miles Biddle shortened sail and waited for the stranger to come down to him. It is quite amusing to think that the idea that was uppermost in the mind of the British commander (for it was H. M. S. *Penguin*, a heavily armed brig, that the *Hornet* had sighted) was this: that if the American saw who it was and how formidable was his ship, he would escape. So the Englishman concealed his identity as much as possible by clumsily taking in his sail to encourage Biddle to wait for him, carefully keeping bow-on to the *Hornet* to hide his strength. Biddle, not understanding his intention, and the idea of running away being the last thing in the world for him to think about, was puzzled. He wore ship three times, trying to get the other to haul by the wind and to show his broadside, but without success. As the enemy approached nearly within musket-shot, the Englishman at last hauled on the starboard tack and hoisted his colors, firing a challenging gun. Biddle immediately luffed, flew his ensign, and gave the enemy a broadside. It was then about forty minutes past one. The action became brisk, and in fifteen minutes the Englishman came down, bow foremost, as if he would fall on board the *Hornet*. Orders were given to prepare to repel the expected boarders, but the men could scarcely be restrained from tumbling over the bow of the *Penguin* as she crossed the *Hornet's* taffrail.

As there was a considerable swell, and the sea lifted the *Hornet* ahead, the bowsprit of the enemy (her men had displayed no intention of boarding) carried away the mizzen shrouds and swept the side. Just then an officer bravely stood upon the bulwarks of the English brig, and at the risk of his life shouted out that he had surrendered. He was Lieutenant McDonald, the *Penguin's* First Lieutenant. At this moment the enemy was swinging clear, Biddle was prepared to give him another broadside, and with difficulty could he restrain his crew, as the *Penguin* certainly had fired after Lieutenant McDonald had said he had surrendered. One of the last shots had struck Captain Biddle, wounding him severely in the neck. In fact, throughout the action he was almost unrecognizable, because of wounds which he had received from splinters in his face, and several times his men had asked him to go below.

It was exactly twenty-two minutes from the beginning of the action to the time when the *Penguin* was boarded by a boat from the *Hornet*. The former vessel proved to be one of the strongest vessels of her class, mounting sixteen 33-pound carronades, two long 6's, and a 12-pound carronade on her top-gallant forecastle, with swivels on the capstan and in the tops; she had had a spare port for-

TROUBLES IN ARMENIA—TRAVELLERS ON THE FRONTIER PASSING THROUGH A KURDISH VILLAGE IN THE TAYA PASS.

DRAWN BY EDWIN LORD WEEKS.

The Houses consist mostly of Caves in the Hill-Sides, the Entrance being through a Wooden Door closed in by a rough Stone Wall. Near the Doorways are Pyramidal Piles of Sun-baked Manure, the Families' Stock of Fuel for the Winter. In the Distance is the Chief's House, a Whitewashed Structure of some Architectural Pretensions.

ward so as to fire both of her long guns on a side. When she had sailed from England on the 1st of September she was manned by a picked crew, that was afterwards reenforced by marines taken from the *Medway*, a 74. Out of one hundred and thirty-two persons that formed her crew she lost fourteen killed and twenty-eight wounded, among the latter number being her commander, Captain Dickinson. Not a single round shot struck the hull of the *Hornet*, but her sides were filled with grape and her sails and rigging much cut. She had but one man killed and eleven wounded. The *Penguin* was so badly riddled that she sank, it not being worth the while to attempt to save her. But the *Hornet*, after obtaining a new set of sails, was ready for service without going home for repairs or refitting. The English journals, in commenting on this fact, advocated strongly the adoption of the American system of gunnery instruction, to which a Baltimore paper replied that the only thing they (the British) needed to be taught was "to *shoot* Yankee fashion, viz., straighter and more often."

LIFE AND LETTERS

ONE of the things always enforcing itself upon the consciousness of the artist in any sort is the fact that those whom artists work for rarely care for their work artistically. They care for it morally, personally, partially. I suspect that criticism itself has rather a muddled preference for the what over the how, and that it is always haunted by a philistine question of the material when it should, æsthetically speaking, be concerned solely with the form.

I.

The other night at the theatre (where the constant reader of this department, if there is such a reader, might easily accuse me of spending too much of my time), I was witness of a curious and amusing illustration of my point. They were playing a most soul-filling and satisfying melodrama, of the sort which gives you assurance from the very first that there will be no trouble in the end, but everything will come out just as it should, no matter what obstacles oppose themselves in the course of the action. An overruling Providence, long accustomed to the exigencies of the stage, could not fail to intervene at the critical moment in behalf of innocence and virtue, and the spectator never had the least occasion for anxiety. Not unnaturally there was a black-hearted villain in the piece; so very black-hearted that he seemed not to have a single good impulse from first to last. Yet he was, in the keeping of the stage Providence, as harmless as a blank cartridge, in spite of his deadly aims. He accomplished no more mischief, in fact, than if all his intents had been of the best; and except for the satisfaction afforded by the edifying spectacle of his defeat and shame, he need not have been in the play at all; and one might almost have felt sorry for him, he was so continually baffled. But this was not enough for the audience, or for that part of it which filled the gallery to the roof. Perhaps he was such an uncommonly black-hearted villain, so very, very cold-blooded in his wickedness that the justice unsparingly dealt out to him by the dramatist could not suffice. At any rate the gallery took such a vivid interest in his punishment that it had out the actor who impersonated the wretch between all the acts, and hissed him throughout his deliberate passage across the stage before the curtain. The hisses were not at all for the actor, but altogether for the character. The performance was fairly good, quite as good as the performance of any virtuous part in the piece, and easily up to the level of other villanous performances (I never find much nature in them, perhaps because there is not much nature in villany itself; that is, villany pure and simple); but the mere conception of the wickedness this bad man had attempted was too much for an audience of the average popular goodness. It was only after he had taken poison, and fallen dead before their eyes, that the spectators forbore to visit him with a lively proof of their abhorrence; apparently they did not care to give him a realizing sense that there was a punishment after death.

II.

The whole affair was very amusing at first, but it has since put me upon thinking (I like to be put upon thinking; the eighteenth-century essayists were) that the attitude of the audience towards this deplorable reprobate is really the attitude of most readers of books, lookers at pictures and statues, listeners to music, and so on through the whole list of the arts. It is absolutely different from the artist's attitude, from the connoisseur's attitude; it is quite irreconcilable to their attitude, and yet I wonder if in the end it is not what the artist works for. Art is not produced for artists, or even for connoisseurs; it is produced for the general, who can never view it otherwise than morally, personally, partially, from their associations and preconceptions.

Whether the effect with the general is what the artist works for or not, he does not succeed without it. Their brute liking or misliking is the final test; it is universal suffrage that elects, after all. Only, in some cases of this sort the polls do not close at four o'clock on the first Tuesday after the first Monday of November, but remain open forever, and the voting goes on. Still, even the first day's canvass is important, or at least significant. It will not do for the artist to electioneer, but if he is beaten, he ought to ponder the causes of his defeat, and question how he has failed to touch the chord of universal interest. He is in the world to make beauty and truth evident to his fellow-men, who are as a rule incredibly stupid and ignorant of both, but whose judgment he must nevertheless not despise. If he can make something that they will cheer, or something that they will hiss, he may not have done any great thing, but if he has made something that they will neither cheer nor hiss, he may well have his misgivings, no matter how well, how finely, how truly he has done the thing.

This is very humiliating, but a tacit snub to artist-pride such as one gets from public silence is not a bad thing for one. Not long ago I was talking with a painter about pictures; a very great painter, to my thinking; one whose pieces give me the same feeling I have from reading poetry; and I was excusing myself to him with respect to art, and perhaps putting on a little more modesty than I felt. I said that I could enjoy pictures only on the literary side, and could get no answer from my soul to those excellences of handling and execution which seemed chiefly to interest painters. He replied that it was a confession of weakness in a painter if he appealed merely or mainly to technical knowledge in the spectator; that he narrowed his field and dwarfed his work by it; and that if he painted for painters merely, or for the connoisseurs of painting, he was denying his office, which was to say something clear and appreciable to all sorts of men in the terms of art. He even insisted that a picture ought to tell a story.

III.

The difficulty in humbling one's self to this view of art is in the ease with which one may please the general by art which is no art. Neither the play nor the playing that I saw at the theatre when the actor was hissed for the wickedness of the villain he was personating, was at all fine; and yet I perceived, on reflection, that they had achieved a supreme effect. If I may be so confidential I will say that I should be very sorry to have written that piece, yet I should be very proud if, on the level I chose and with the quality I cared for, I could invent a villain that the populace would have out and hiss for his surpassing wickedness. In other words, I think it a thousand pities whenever an artist gets so far away from the general, so far within himself or a little circle of amateurs, that his highest and best work awakens no response in the multitude. I am afraid this is rather the danger of the arts among us, and how to escape it is not so very plain. It makes one sick and sorry often to see how cheaply the applause of the common people is won. It is not an infallible test of merit, but if it is wanting to any performance, we may be pretty sure that it is not the greatest performance.

IV.

The paradox lies in wait here, as in most other human affairs, to confound us, and we try to baffle it, in this way and in that. We talk, for instance, of poetry for poets, and we fondly imagine that this is different from talking of cookery for cooks. Poetry is not made for poets; they have enough poetry of their own, but it is made for people who are not poets. If it does not please these, it may still be poetry, but it is poetry which has failed of its truest office. It is none the less its truest office because some very wretched verse seems often to do it.

The logic of such a fact is not that the poet should try to achieve this truest office of his art by means of doggerel, but that he should study how and where and why the beauty and the truth he has made manifest are wanting in universal interest, in human appeal. Leaving the drama out of the question, and the theatre which seems now to be seeking only the favor of the dull rich, I believe that there never was a time or a race more open to the impressions of beauty and of truth than ours. The artist who feels their divine charm, and longs to impart it, has now and here a chance to impart it more widely than ever artist had in the world before. Of course, the means of reaching the widest range of humanity are the simple and the elementary, but there is no telling when the complex and the recondite may not universally please. The art is to make them plain to every one, for every one has them in him. Lowell used to say that Shakespeare was subtle, but subtle in letters a foot high.

The painter, sculptor, or author who pleases the polite only, has a success to be proud of as far as it goes, and to be ashamed of that it goes no farther. He need not shrink from giving pleasure to the vulgar because bad art pleases them. It is part of his reason for being that he should please them, too; and if he does not it is a proof that he is wanting in force, however much he abounds in fineness. Who would not wish his picture to draw a crowd about it? Who would not wish his novel to sell five hundred thousand copies, for reasons beside the sordid love of gain which I am told governs novelists? One would not really wish it any the less because chromos and romances are popular.

Sometime, I believe, the artist and his public will draw nearer together in a mutual understanding, though perhaps not in our present conditions. I put that understanding off till the good time when life shall be more than living, more even than the question of getting a living; but in the mean time I think that the artist might very well study the springs of feeling in others; and if I were a dramatist I think I should quite humbly go to that play where they hiss the villain for his villany, and inquire how his wickedness had been made so appreciable, so vital, so personal. Not being a dramatist, I still cannot indulge the greatest contempt of that play and its public.

W. D. HOWELLS.

KEY WEST.

THE city of Key West is wholly a creature of the tariff; if the tariff were done away with, it would inevitably relapse into its former somnolent condition, and be no more than the wrecking, fishing, and sponging village that it was forty years ago. The duty on imported cigars is so high, and the duty on leaf tobacco is comparatively so low, that cigar-manufacturers find it profitable to import the raw leaf and the cigar-maker from Cuba, and to make cigars in Key West that are essentially Cuban cigars, but that can be sold profitably much cheaper than the Havana-made cigar. This industry gave Key West a population at one time of nearly 13,000 Cubans, all cigar-makers, and their families and followers; but within two years the Cuban population has been reduced to about 5000.

There are people still living in Key West who were born on the island subjects of the Spanish crown, for the treaty ceding Florida to the United States was not ratified till 1821. On the 25th of March, 1822, Captain Perry ran up the stars and stripes on the island, naming the Key "Thompsons Island" and the village "Port Rodgers." But the American corruption of the old Spanish name of Cayo Hueso has held its own to this day. Several years before the conclusion of the treaty, but in anticipation of it, there was a considerable immigration of Bahamians to the island; and during the civil war, when Key West was an important naval station and business was brisk, many more Bahamians came over. At present there are 5000 white Bahamians in the city—more white Bahamians than there are in Nassau and the whole Bahama group.

The cigar industry began to develop immediately after the close of the civil war, and it increased every year until 1893. By that time the Cubans, most of them naturalized voters, had obtained such complete control of civic affairs that they were able and always ready to dictate terms to the manufacturers; and to escape their exactions many of the factories were moved to Tampa. Between 6000 and 8000 Cubans have gone from Key West to Tampa within two or three years.

The present population of the city, according to the estimate of the mayor, is 15,000, almost equally divided into three parts—5000 white Cubans, 5000 white Bahamians, and 5000 colored Cubans and Bahamians. This estimate leaves no room for Americans; and the real Americans on the island number only eight or ten families. Although most of the adult male residents have been naturalized, they can scarcely be considered American citizens in the broad sense of the term, having no personal knowledge of any part of the republic but the tiny island of Key West, and clinging tenaciously to the peculiar customs of Cuba and the Bahamas.

"A real West Indian town," Key West is frequently called, but it is totally unlike any town in the West Indies. It differs wholly, too, from any other Florida city. It is simply Key West, alone, unique. There are enough cocoanut-palms to give it something of a tropical air, and the better dwelling-houses are surrounded by yards in which flourish giant oleanders, royal poincianas, and other tropical flowers; but in general vegetation is very scant.

The island, seven miles long and from one to two miles wide, is a limestone rock, like most of the Florida Keys and the Bahamas, with little patches of soil in some of the hollows. Its highest point is only twelve or fifteen feet above sea-level, but the town has never been seriously damaged by high water. Lying sixty miles southwest of Cape Sable, the nearest point on the mainland, Key West is more isolated than any other city of its size in the United States. It receives three mails a week in winter and two in summer by the Plant system steamers from Tampa, and telegraphic communication is had by the Cuban cable, which touches at Key West, and goes on to Punta Rassa, on the mainland. The semi-weekly mail for 15,000 people is far too large to be handled quickly by the three clerks the Post-office Department allows the office, and notwithstanding the postmaster's excellent management, from twelve to twenty-four hours frequently pass after the arrival of a mail before it is ready for delivery. It is not an uncommon thing for the steamer to land forty sacks of mail—ten sacks of letters and thirty of newspapers; and the letters are unusually hard to distribute on account of the complicated Cuban names. Instead of complaining about the lack of facilities, however, the good-natured Key-Westers mirthfully tell the story of a former postmaster, who, on taking charge of the office, calmly burnt a few bushels of undelivered Cuban letters, that he might begin with a clear field.

There are street cars in Key West, and electric lights, and gas-works, and daily newspapers, and most of the other things pertaining to a wide-awake town. The streets are wide and paved and clean, and kept in good order. There are steam fire-engines to put out fires, and bathing-houses on the beach, where one can dip into dark blue water or light blue, Nile-green, purple, or silvery white, according as the wind and clouds are, but always clean and clear water. There are hacks, lazy old historical hacks, bearing the scars of many campaigns, to carry passengers to any part of the city for ten cents. There are broad, well-shaded verandas in plenty; and every night there are Cubans going about selling green-turtle soup out of big milk-cans. This is the only use for milk-cans in Key West, for the milkman drives his cow with her calf up to the door in the morning, and milks her before the customers' eyes. It is done so in Havana, and the Cubans would not have it otherwise.

Front Street and Duval Street are the principal business thoroughfares, Front Street for the auctioneers and wholesalers, and Duval Street for the retailers. The auction is a long-established Key West institution. A crate of tomatoes arrives by schooner from the Keys, and immediately an auction is held, at which there are several hundred spectators and three or four bidders. The discarded bedstead is sold by auction, sometimes even the half-worn suit of clothes. The retail stores straggle along the whole length of Duval Street in a way possible only on the edge of the tropics, with rows of dwelling-houses between separating them widely. And the streets branching off from Duval or lying somewhere near it are reminders of the easy-going Bahamian who named them years ago. These are Bahama Street, Love Lane, Nassau Street, Passover Street, Gruntbone Lane, Shavers Lane, Curry Alley, Stump Lane, and Gato Alley. Notwithstanding the large Cuban population, not a single street bears a Cuban title or is named after a saint.

The rock that forms the island is an excellent building material, but it is not utilized. Key West is a city of board houses, the brick custom-house and a half-dozen other public buildings being the only exceptions. The streets are straight, and generally at right angles, and the yards are clean. Although there is no system of sewers, there are none of the bad odors of a West Indian town. In the vacant lots and in many of the cultivated yards there grows a shrub, head-high, that spreads all over the city the agreeable perfume of the tropical sugar-apple.

The Cubans of Key West are almost as much of a mystery to the English-speaking residents as they are to a stranger. They keep entirely to themselves socially, though in politics and business they make themselves felt. They are nearly all cigar-makers, living in little rented houses one-story high, containing usually three rooms, with a fence in front, but no sign of tree or flower or grass to relieve the bareness. They are fond of taking their meals in the little coffee-house restaurants kept by their countrymen on many corners and up almost every alley. There are seventy of these Cuban eating-places in the city, deriving their support not only from the cigar-makers and their families, but also from the negroes; for the Cuban in Key West knows no color-line, and has no

objection to a negro companion at table. Indeed, he is often much darker-skinned himself than the Cuban sun can be held responsible for, and not infrequently his wife is an unmistakable negress.

The two races that form the bulk of the population live in the greatest harmony with one another and among themselves. The six policemen of the city have next to nothing to do, for there are no fights, no street brawls, scarcely ever a petty robbery even. All the hotels and many of the private houses stand with doors wide open all night, and nothing is disturbed. Sometimes there is a slight clash between the races at the ballot-box, but never anything that leads to personal violence.

Water has always been a serious question with Key West. For many years the only supply was rain-water caught on the roofs and stored in stone tanks; but within a few months an ice-factory has been established, and now pure distilled water is sold at a nominal price.

Geographically Key West is nearly the most southerly point in the United States, but not quite. Being in latitude 24° 32′, it is thirty miles farther south than Nassau, and about eighty-five miles farther north than Havana. The real southern tip of the country lies eight miles to the southwest. This is Sand Key, a barren spit of sand, whereon stands the Sand Key Light-house. The weather in midsummer is not uncomfortably hot, and in winter it is always delightful, and a stranger is sure to receive kindly and hospitable treatment from all the residents with whom he comes in contact.

William Drysdale.

MR. DAMROSCH'S LATEST OPERA SEASON.

Let us waive the discussion of how far Mr. Damrosch may be or may not be a "satisfactory" Wagnerian conductor, if his efforts be measured by leadership of Richter and Levi and Mottl and Seidl in the great music-dramas There should not be question of his success as an impresario—reckoning by the performances now current at the old Academy of Music. It would, in fact, appear that Mr. Damrosch has found his *métier*—that of an operatic recruiting-officer and major-general. Whether he will accept that idea or not, and continue in its prosecution or not, and do so with or without an affectionate Wagner Society at his back and beck, is his own choice. Certainly this third local experiment, for which he is now responsible after his winter's tour "in the provinces," is more than a successful affair. It is a remarkable one.

The success concerns itself with, in especial, two or three points. On these a reviewer's stress may be laid, to the omission of others. First, we have the fact that Mr. Damrosch's present company appreciably and welcomely represents the newer generation of German singers of Wagner, succeeding to the good old guard that we have all known, in person or by repute, during many years. That old guard is nowadays the deceased, or retired, or retiring (or ought-to-be-retired) group Its members have made Wagnerian history, but luckily not finished it. And their successors? Instead of Marianne Brandt, instead of Amalia Materna—still a welcome and considerable figure on the concert stage—Mr. Damrosch, for instance, gives us Frau Klafsky. Instead of Lilli Lehmann-Kalisch or Rosa Sucher, we have Ternina or Gadsky. Mr Gruening and Mr. Alvary are both relatively young men compared with battered veterans like Niemann or Vogl or Winkelmann; and in any case Mr. Gruening, as a particular instance, stands for a refinement in art on the part of a German "heroic tenor" such as neither of the absentees named (nor Mr. Gudehus, nor Mr. Stritt into the bargain) offered us. The admirable Hanoverian, in fact, can be bracketed with only such a tenor as is Mr. Van Dyk, in view of half a dozen obvious traits. And as to Mr. Alvary, he always acts Siegfried as never Wagner saw it acted; and occasionally Mr. Alvary can sing it with touches of *bel canto* that surprise, and certainly belong to the new order of the genus "Heldentenor" Mr Paul Lange, too, is such a Mime in *Siegfried* as Lieban was not. Lange is a new Nibelung of the first rank. Mr. Emil Fischer, and in a degree Mr. Behrens, are recurrences to the older regiment; both are, fortunately, survivors still able to give pleasure. But beside them comes forward a sonorous Demeter Popovici, and that rich-voiced younger man, Mr. Stehmann, who is a superb Wotan, and worthy to assume the rôles in which Reichmann has grown dissonant and the dead Scaria a tradition. Besides these there are a half dozen other superior members of Mr. Damrosch's company. Altogether, in respect to the most responsible artists now doing their nightly duty in the Academy's performances, it is quite the fact that they come from the front phalanx of the German-singing stage of the hour. If Mr Damrosch included among his people Miss Brema, Mr. Gerhäuser, Mr. Van Dyk, and Mr. Scheidemantel, his array would compete with, or rather it would outdo, lawful Baireuth abilities—that is to say, Baireuth deprived of certain accomplished singers not essentially identified with its stage or with Germany in general.

And this little assortment of newer Wagnerian singers that Mr. Damrosch has imported emphasizes the fact that Germany is learning, has learned, to sing. It sings its Wagner as a commoner and more ordinary artistic phenomenon than it was only a decade or so ago. We have in the father-land nowadays not only fresher voices, but slower-trained and better-trained voices. That dubious organ, the German soprano or tenor, is becoming "placed" with an accuracy that was not its fortune of old. It is having its rugosities and coarsenesses schooled with a pains that ancient Wagner singers—the Wagner shouter or shoutee—cared little about. The despicable equation of vocal culture, after French and Italian ideas of the process, has taken a firmer hold of the rising German stage singer than it ever took hold of many and many a great expositor of the Nibelungen cyclus or of Tristan. Even Wagner's music-dramas, much less his operatic cycle, are not things roared or shrieked nowadays in the proportion that was their fortune with the giants and giantesses of "those days." Lyric quality is appreciated, sought, even made much of. Of course we cannot make a Teutonic weasand into a French or Italian one, nor advantageously soften Wagnerian dramatic, vehement, explosive utterances into opera after the school of Verdi or Gounod. You cannot roar "The Dusk of the Gods" as gently as a sucking dove. You should not. Natural art goes to the ground in such a process. But the happy medium of *suaviter in modo, fortiter in re*, is nearer reached by young Germany than ever by old Germany. You may cry out against the holding of Elsass and Lothringen, you may sneer at Corneille or Goldoni, but you cannot somehow help a keener sense of good in solfeggi getting about the young Wagner contingent north of the Alps and east of the Rhine. In that eminent old chronicle the Ecclesiastical *History of Long Island*, by the Rev. Nathaniel S. Prime, the author speaks of a certain evangelist whose pulpit style was one of "cantatory bawlings." Such lyrical performances of Wagnerian opera and music-drama as have constituted the *résistance* of this interesting season at the Academy are valuable in showing how considerably a past matter are "cantatory bawlings" from German singers, even when coping with Wagner's conscienceless intervals and those tempests of orchestration that are part and parcel of his tremendous Nibelungen period, and his most cacophonous pages.

Another observation of vital meaning in considering Mr. Damrosch's season is the place in which it occurs. The hall is an opera-house, old and fallen into lyric disuse, it is true. But it is one of unexcelled acoustics, of just the size to give full effect to a singer's or actor's careful, intelligent, and good work—a house of admirable proportions, alike for the satisfaction of those on its stage and those before it. There is none of that sense of dwarfed personality, minimized action, and half-swallowed-up singing which belongs, all too much, to our newer, resplendent, but too big Metropolitan. There the artists succeed in spite of space. The Academy's relationship in the size of its auditorium to such opera-houses as those of Vienna, Dresden, Munich, Milan, and Paris is close. Spectacular, heavily scored, and heroic operas are not the only scores really successful under its kindly auspices. The Metropolitan far exceeds the plan of conservative, artistic, and classic structures.

Mr. Damrosch's season in it is brief. But the more it is considered the more it is to be classed as an exceptional one—as has been indicated. On a careful comparison of all that the Wagnerian winters of old—to which we look back so affectionately—afforded us, it is no small praise to say that in their lyric smoothness and dignity of dramatic effectiveness these nights often surpass what New York has heard and seen in German musical directions. They do so. Into other interests of the repertory this article does not go, save that in so rating them is included the excursion toward Beethoven represented by the *Fidelio* performances, which are of unusual beauty. Furthermore, in reviewing the present distribution of stay-at-home German and Austrian talent in the opera-houses most notable in Teutonic Europe, and in balancing one detail with another, it is not too high, in more than a comparative sense it is not too high, a compliment to say that Mr. Damrosch and Mr Lohse (a Wagnerian director of the first abilities) are giving New York a series of Wagner representations that cannot be improved on in their essentials on any stock stage of Germany at this date Their shortcomings and defects are superficial compared with the musical and dramatic superiority and power characterizing the best, and almost all, of the representations thus far.

E. Irenaeus Stevenson.

LIVELY TIMES IN FORMOSA.

I left Amoy on the 28th December for Formosa to see the Japanese authorities, to try to arrange with them for the return to the island of some of the wealthy and influential Chinese, who left the island at the beginning of hostilities last year, and are afraid to return, and a date was fixed for me to have an interview with the Japanese Viceroy; and now, as Rudyard Kipling would say, a strange thing happened. For on New-Year's eve, at nine o'clock, all the hills surrounding Tamsui were ablaze with beacon-fires, and a simultaneous attack was made by the Chinese on all the isolated Japanese garrisons in the district. It was a great surprise to us all, for we never gave the Chinese credit for being able to carry out so secretly so effective an organization I was told on the morning of the 31st, by a Chinaman, that an insurrection would take place next day, but I did not attach any serious importance to it. I must tell you that the Japanese had made the great mistake of undervaluing the enemy, and, believing in their power by moral and physical force to hold the country, had from time to time been reducing their forces and sending their troops back to Japan, until at the time when the outbreak occurred they had not more than three hundred soldiers in all the district, and these armed only with ordinary Hotchkiss rifles, the magazine-rifles having been returned to Japan—a fact that would suggest that Japan is by no means assured of Russia's peaceful intentions. Well, the morning of New-Year's day was ushered in by the sounds of sharp musketry firing, an attack being in progress on the south side of the city of Taipehfoo, which is a city built in the form of a square, each wall one mile, the walls crenellated, and about thirty feet high, with a broad parapet some fifteen or twenty feet wide running round the inside of the walls. Taipehfoo is distant about a mile from Luatutia, where our hong is, the intervening space being now occupied by houses, although a few years ago fields separated the two towns, until with the increase of population the two cities became almost one.

I went up to the city, with two other fellows, and found it in a state of great excitement. All the resident Chinese were confined to their houses, and the Japs were manning the south wall and firing on the Chinese insurgents, who were in force some two or three hundred yards from the walls, partly sheltered by groves of bamboos and partly in the open. We entered the city by the west gate, and, in crossing to the south side, encountered a pretty lively fire. As the bullets from the Chinese, passing over the top of the wall, were falling in the city, some of them whistled so unpleasantly close that we accelerated our movements (*anglice*, ran), and got under cover of the south wall, which we mounted, and went amongst the Jap soldiers. It was quite a novel experience, being under fire and standing with troops loading and firing. This sort of warfare went on for some hours, neither side appearing to gain any advantage, until about three o'clock in the afternoon, when the Japs brought up a couple of field-pieces, which they mounted on the walls, and began to shell the Chinese; the latter became a bit demoralized, and taking advantage of the confusion, the Japs opened the gates and sallied forth, driving the Chinese back about a mile. But the Japs were not strong enough to pursue their advantage further, and had to return to the city. This state of things continued for three days, until Japanese re-enforcements arrived, *viâ* Kelung, and marching overland, came to the rescue. They were then enabled to assume the offensive, and the Chinese insurgents were soon broken up into small bands, which sought refuge in the mountains, from which the Japanese are now dislodging them, and executing very summary justice.

At the time of the outbreak the foreign community numbered ten Europeans, including one lady. And as the insurgents had cut the telegraph wires to the port, and the whole country was up in arms, we were quite cut off from all communication with the mainland. I tried to send a telegram to Amoy by sending Chinese couriers to the port, but in each instance they were stopped by the Japs. The danger at no time was very real, but if the Chinese had only possessed a leader there was little to prevent them recapturing Taipehfoo; and had they done so, it is probable there would have been a bit of a tussle for it. The Japs sent to us and asked us to fix on a rendezvous, as in the event of the Chinese proving too strong they wanted to escort us into the city and hold that to the end. Since then the Japs have been pouring re-enforcements into Tamsui, and there are upwards of 10,000 troops there.

Martial law prevails. The Chinese are not allowed out after nightfall, and immigration from the mainland is attended with the most rigorous inspection—the precautions taken being the adoption of a system of passports, which, the Japanese say, must be issued by the Chinese authorities. As no particular official is specified, it is impossible to procure passports, and passenger traffic to Formosa is practically suspended.

The most important bearing the late rising has as regards trade is the elimination of all confidence of the Japs in the Chinese. They find their efforts to administer Formosa (efforts which to the Chinese mind have savored of weakness, through their misdirected leniency) have proved inadequate, and their subsequent policy would seem to indicate that they are about to proceed from one extreme to another, and to adopt a harsh and relentless method in dealing with the inhabitants of the island. There are many indications that their policy is to be "Formosa for the Japanese." The problem will remain for them to solve how far, under the unhealthy climatic influences that prevail in Formosa, Japanese labor will be able successfully to develop the resources of the island.

At present the military administration is paramount, and as in most conquered countries, it does not maintain cordial relations with the civil authorities. Each is jealous of the other, and in consequence endless friction now prevails.

It is expected that the Japanese Parliament will, before the conclusion of its sitting, formulate some definite plan for the future government of the island At present they are levying duties on all exports and imports on exactly the same scale that the Chinese charged, and as the cost of military operations falls on the island, it would seem only right to surmise that the Japs are likely to maintain duties as at present rather than reduce them to the rate prevailing in Japan.

Money receives no encouragement to migrate from China to Formosa, as there are good grounds for believing that in the very near future the Japanese intend that Chinese living in Formosa must actively interest themselves not merely as merchants, but, as Japanese citizens, conform to a certain extent to Japanese customs, and renounce their allegiance to China. On this point I feel assured that the influential and rich Chinese who have hitherto been the backbone of Formosa will rebel.

S. G. Gowland.

SOCIETY SMILES ON DR. JAMESON.

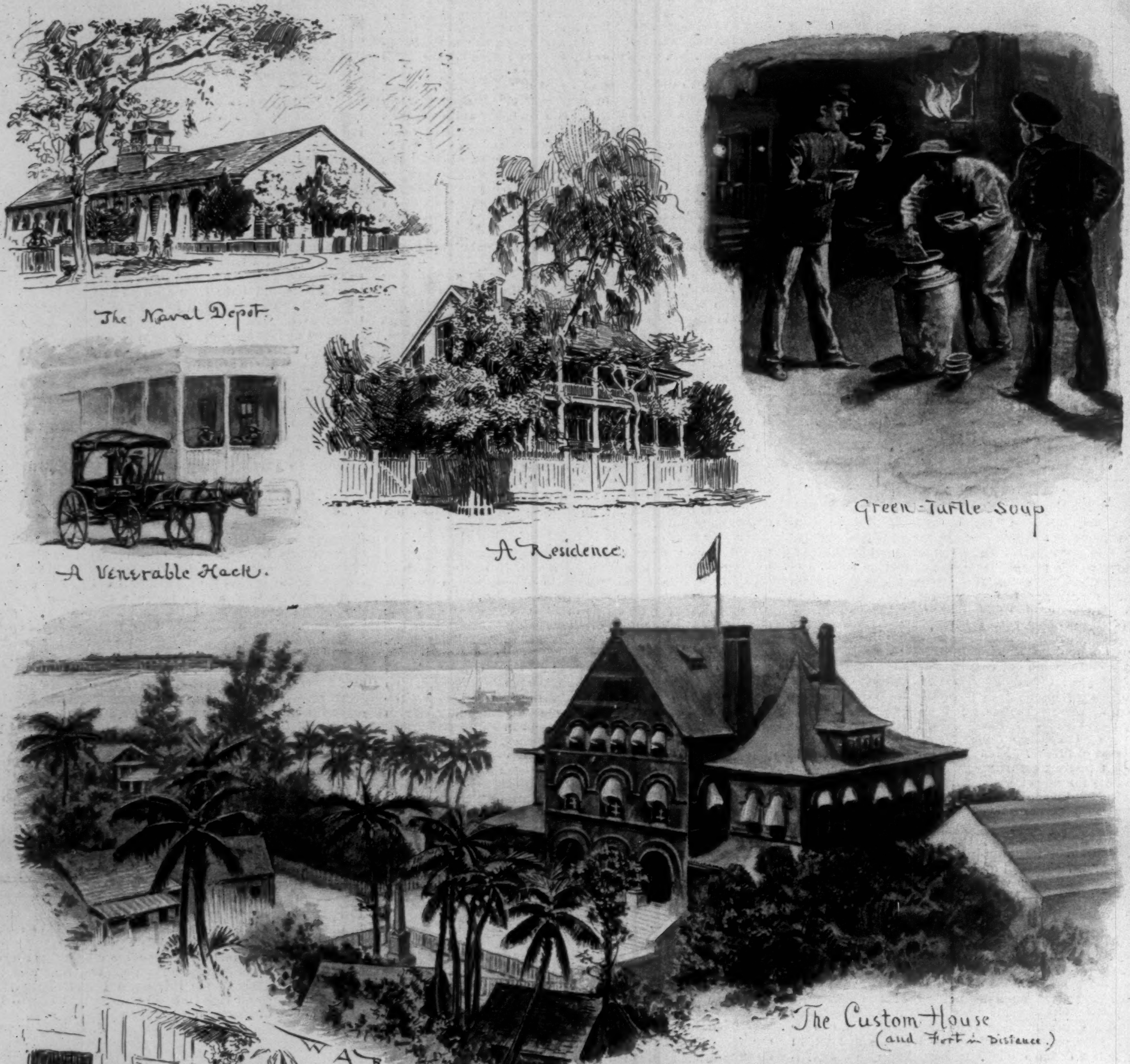
Notwithstanding the gravity of the charge against Dr. Leander S. Jameson and his troopers of invading a friendly state, it is evident that London intends to make a society event of their trial, and that the English people, so far as the residents of London represent them, intend to glorify the raiders as heroes instead of treating them as freebooters. When Jameson and his troopers arrived in London the streets echoed with cheers for them. When the formal arraignment was held in famous old Bow Street Police Court, on February 25th, there sat on the bench with Sir John Bridge, the chief magistrate, the Duke of Abercorn, Lord and Lady Abingdon, General Sir St. George Foley and Lady Foley, Viscount Chelsea, and the Hon. Robert Arthur Ward.

When the hearing began, on March 10th, not only was society represented again, but there was present an array of distinguished counsel. Among those in the court-room were the Duke of Abercorn, Lord and Lady Coventry, Lady Findlay, the Hon. Reginald Coventry, Lady Annaly, and others. The chief lawyer for the defence was Sir Edward Clarke, and the chief lawyer for the prosecution was Sir Richard Webster—counsel who have locked horns in nearly all the famous trials in London in recent years. At the second appearance of the prisoners there was less boisterousness than on the first day, but there were not lacking manifestations of popular approval of "Dr. Jim" and his troopers. It was clearly a case of distinguished audience and distinguished prisoners.

The charge against Jameson and his men is the violation of an act "to regulate the conduct of her Majesty's subjects during hostilities between foreign states with which her Majesty is at peace." Conviction may result in imprisonment for not more than two years, with or without hard labor, or a fine. The first witness was Sergeant Hay, of the Bechuanaland police, who told of the mustering in of the troopers at Mafeking in the latter part of December last. The men were given to understand that they were going against a native king; but several men, suspecting the real object of the expedition, refused to join He said that Colonel Gray of the expedition made a speech to the men, saying they were going to fight "for the supremacy of the British flag in South Africa."

Corporal Smith testified that at Pitsaniptologo Dr. Jameson read a letter from John Hayes Hammond and others, representing the Uitlanders in Johannesburg, asking Jameson to come to their aid He testified that Jameson said that he did not think a shot would be fired.

The hearing then went over for a week.



SKETCHES IN KEY WEST, FLORIDA.—Drawn by W. A. Rogers.—[See Page 270.]

THE GRAY MAN.*

BY S. R. CROCKETT,

AUTHOR OF "THE STICKIT MINISTER," "THE RAIDERS," ETC.

CHAPTER XXIII.

A GALLOWAY RAID.

AS you may suppose, it was no grief, but the reverse, for me to ride away with Bargany to the south, and leave behind me the drear house of Culzean, that dismal day of doom and sacrifice. Nell Kennedy I saw nothing of, though, as I learned in the after-time, she saw me. For she had fled from the house, being unwilling to have aught to do with such a deed of cruel wrong as the marrying of the flower of the west to a lout like James Muir.

"Not but what our Maidie can stand by herself. And if she gets not her own way, sorry am I even for James Muir!" said she.

It was from the branches of a thick plane that Nell watched us ride away to the house of the Inch, and noted me as I rode by Bargany's side. Of which, had I known then, I should have been fain. For, wild ettercap as she was, I counted Nell Kennedy almost the only friend I had left.

And as we went, Bargany told me of the Earl's message who was James Young, the minister of Colmonel. He had telled a great lie to win through the men of Galloway, in which it was uncommon for a minister to be found out.

"Not but that my heart is with the lads of Galloway," said Bargany, "but, after all, Gibby Crack-tryst is the first of the Kennedys, and I shall not see him put down, whatever be his deserts, by Garthland and the Sheriff. If Cassillis is to go down, Bargany shall go with it, and all Galloway, twice told, shall not accomplish that!"

Although I felt chilled by the dull unheartsome day we had left behind us, I thought no little of myself to be thus riding with Bargany at my elbow. For though I had so ridden with the Earl once or twice, yet I counted ten times more on Bargany. Forty horsemen were of our company, and mine was the weariest body among them. For it was my first long day after my sickness with harness on my back. Pulses beat where my wounds had been, so that I feared that they would break out afresh and I have to be left behind.

At last we stayed at a house called Craigaffie, a little way from the Inch, where a vassal of Bargany's dwelt. Him we sent to meet the Earl and tell him that we were there, also to bid the Galloway men come to an arbitrament, if so they would. For they had enclosed the Earl back and front in his own house of the Inch, so that none could pass save one that knew the byways and outgates as did Peter Neilson of Craigaffie.

Presently there came back from the Earl a message most piteous, for he knew the men of Galloway had him fast; and he was afraid of the rents and mails that he had with him far more, to do him justice, than he was anxious about his own skin. Bargany was his dearly beloved cousin, his eame, his saviour. He would keep friendship with him more than with any friend he had all the days of his life for this deliverance he had wrought. He was to come and put himself in the Earl's hands after he had sent the lords of Galloway about their business. The Earl's word would be his security.

At this Bargany gave a smile, and set his thumb over his shoulder at the forty swords that were riding behind him.

"These," said he, "will be the best security that John, Earl of Cassillis, will not harm me when I go to visit him in his castle of the Inch."

It was no long season before there came Macdowall of Garthland and Sheriff Agnew to represent the men of Galloway, and never in my life, save when I went as herald to the Great House of Kerse, did I see such an exchange of high civilities. It was as the meeting of heroes to the double-dealing and deceit of our break-tryst Earl. More than ever I wished that I had been on the other side of the score. But it had not bin to be.

Agnew, the Sheriff, was a tall man, with dark hair frosting to gray, with a hawk nose, a long arm good at laying on, and a biting tongue which he knew well when to hold. The Laird of Garthland, on the other hand, was red of beard and brown of hair, altogether a man well set, beginning also to be well stomached, with good feeding and sleeping on benches in the afternoons.

It was Garthland who saluted first, for he came of the oldest race in Galloway, save perhaps, it may be, the MacCullochs of Ardwell. But the eagle-nosed Sheriff was the spokesman.

"Greeting courteously to you, Bargany," he said. "This is a pleasure unexpected. Over on our shire side the erne of the hills neither mixes nor mells with the quarrels of the carrion-crow."

"I greet you well, Sheriff," said Gilbert Kennedy; "but say your say plain out, without bringing all the birds of the air into the matter."

"Plainly, then," said the Sheriff, "the matter is this. The Earl has moved the law against us for rights his father granted us years agone—rights that have never been

* Begun in HARPER'S WEEKLY No. 2037

questioned. And when we will not yield to him, he uses his influence with the King to make us traitors. He sends officers to remove us from our kindly homesteadings, and the castles where for centuries our forefathers dwelled—aye, before one stone of Cassillis lay on the top of another." And the fire glinted in the Sheriff's deep-set eyes, till, with his eagle's beak, he looked himself the erne of which he had spoken. He went on:

"Then comes he himself with a force of forty horse to reduce the Baronage of Galloway. He summons us to the court of doom; and by this yett with a hundred horse gentlemen and as many footmen that but wait to be called. We obeyed his mandate to the letter. Whereat he sulks within-gates. Then we send him word that we are at the trysting-place, and that we will be most glad to see his face. But, for some reason or other that I cannot guess at, he came not, but withdrew himself into the house of the Inch, where presently he remains. And we being bound to see that no ill befall him within our borders, have set ourselves down to be the warders and the protectors of the Castle."

So said the Sheriff, and made amend. And to him Bargany replied,

"But, Lochnaw, ye know well that ye have no warrant to shut up the Earl of Cassillis, immuring that feudal superior and defying ancient custom."

Then said the red-haired Laird of Garthland:

"We are bound to you, and not to the Earl, Gilbert Kennedy. Ye are bound to maintain us in our rights! Am I to lose my auld and kindly office and possession, which I have had in direct line from Uchtred, Lord of Galloway? Of a truth, no, Bargany. Ye are of a conscience over-true for work of that kind. Ye will do your honorable duty, as your predecessors have ever done to mine in time past."

And having said this say with dignity, Garthland held his peace.

I could see very well that Bargany was ill at ease. He liked not the errand he had come on. Blows were very well, but to be process-server sat heavy on his stomach. I heard him mutter:

"That I, Gilbert Kennedy, should be doing John Cassillis's dirty work! For none other sake than Marjorie would I do this thing!"

But he took up this parable with the Lairds of Galloway:

"Hearken, Garthland and Lochnaw; if, as ye say, I am above ye, well do ye know that the Earl is by law above us both."

He paused for a moment, as though he had swallowed the bitter drugs of the apothecary. And I saw the Sheriff smile a smile as bitter every whit.

"Hearken to me. If my Lord continue to do ye wrong, and will not use you kindly, by mine honorable word, in the sight of all these friends, I will not only leave his lordship, I will maintain you to the last drop of my blood. But if ye pursue my Lord to take his life, seeing that he has sent for me, I will defend him to the uttermost of my power."

Then said the Sheriff: "Bargany, we are honorable men and peaceful. We are not here to attack the Earl, but to defend ourselves in that thing in which he would do us wrong."

"I will deal with my Lord," said Bargany; "be content, and leave the outcome to me."

"We are content," they replied, both of them as one. "We ken a man when we see one, for we ourselves are men. We will abide your judgment, whatever you may command."

So in a trice Bargany had gotten the Earl to promise all good things, and the Galloway men were satisfied. Thereafter they all dined together with my Lord in the house of Inch, and were very merry. And the men of Galloway convoyed us northward to the braes of Glenape, where the whole force and retinue of Bargany's servants and friends met us. Thus was the Earl released, and his promises were loud and many. So that we were all well contented. And I thought that the old feud was at last come to an end.

CHAPTER XXIV.

THE SLAUGHTER IN THE SNOW.

But I was never more disappointed, shamed, deceived, in my life. For no sooner was our Earl back in his own messuages and domains and behind his lines of hackbutmen than he resiled from all his promises, both to the Galloway men, who had done so honorable in the convoying of him, and, what seemed to me worse, to Bargany, who had pledged himself in honor to satisfy the Sheriff. For, after all, a lie told to a man in Galloway is not like one to a man's own kin and country. Though of course a man that is true all through the web will not tell a lie to any. But such men are few, at least in the shire of Ayr, where I dwell, and in Edinburgh, to which I have different times voyaged.

But Bargany, as was natural, was fierce in his indignation with the crack-tryst.

"For," said he, "he has made me, that am a man of my word, break faith with men of a like pattern, even with Uchtred Macdowall of Garthland and the Sheriff of Galloway."

So after this tangled business, instead of peace, as my deeply deceived master had supposed when he gave over his daughter to the traitors of Auchendrayne, there was naught but feud, more deadly and hateful than ever.

The Earl, who, to do him justice, was no coward as to his own skin, went hither and thither between Cassillis and Maybole, and even south to Auchneil, riding freely as though he had been within his own borders all the time. And the traps that were laid for him by Auchendrayne and Thomas of Drummurchie, the Laird of Bargany's barbarous brother, were too many to be told. Yet for the sake of the new alliance, such as it was, Culzean meddled not at all with the matter, though doubtless it was a source of bitterness of spirit to him.

Then there came the 11th of December, which is a day yet remembered in Carrick, because of the many brave lads that pranked it in pride in the morning, and yet lay still in their war-gear or ever the early winter gloaming had fallen.

We at Culzean got our warning from the Earl's man, John Dick, on the night before we were to gather at Cassillis yett and ride back to Maybole town all in a company. John Dick told us, but with more than his customary surliness and unwillingly, that the cause of the raising of the clan was that two days before Bargany had ridden to the gate of Cassillis, where the Earl was, stopping not at all, but riding by in despite, which was held a deadly insult to his feudal superiors. So Earl John had sworn to be equal with him on his return.

It was such a day of snow, that eleventh day of December, that even in the midst of the fight, when the hackbuts were talking and the steel ringing, a man could scarce see whither he was going. At times so thick was the drift that when a man struck at an enemy with a lance he could scarce tell who it might be that opposed him.

But when, very early in the morning, we rode out to the muster, the storm had not yet begun. The air was bitter cold, blowing from the southeast, so that it was in the faces of the Bargany folk all the day. Now, as of late years it had been customary with him, my Lord of Culzean was not able to ride with us, for the chill weather unmanned him, and he could do nothing but hurkle over the fire, with a lad to rub his swollen feet and stiff knee joints.

So it befell that once more I had the leading of our good lads from the sea border. Right merry we were as we rode forth, for the matter seemed no more than a good adventure. None thought that the issue would be so grim and bloody as it proved. We were but half-way to Maybole, when we came suddenly on Auchendrayne and John Dick, the Earl's messenger, in close converse. Which I thought a strange thing, seeing that Auchendrayne was so great a favorer of the Bargany faction. When they saw us come in sight they parted, and John Dick rode away over the fields, but Auchendrayne came towards us, riding easily and pleasantly, as if to market.

"A good day to you," he cried. "Whither away armed cap-a-pie so early?"

"We ride to meet my Lord and do his bidding!" I said, making my words brief and curt, for I liked not the man, for all his fine figure and commanding presence.

"Your master, Sir Thomas, is laid by with his ancient trouble. I asked John Dick concerning him. Tell him that I grieve to hear of it."

"Without doubt you were on your way to visit him," I said; for it was a strange thing to meet John Muir on the wrong side of the town of Maybole at daybreak of the morning.

"Without doubt," he answered, readily; "but now that I know of his weak state of health, I need not trouble him this day!"

"There is a greater need, Laird Auchendrayne," I made reply, "that you should go on and cheer him with your pleasant discourse."

He answered to that not a word, but turned his horse and rode away to the right, making, as I guessed, a detour to avoid my Lord and join our enemies of Bargany.

It was early in the morning, as I have told, that there was a good stir and commotion in the town of Ayr. Gilbert Kennedy had resolved that he would ride that day to Bargany by the town of Maybole. Sorely and often they tried to dissuade him, but he was set immovably on it, as he was on anything to which he had once made up his mind.

"Think ye," he said, "that I am feared of John, Earl of Cassillis, or all the Kennedys of the shore edge that ever scarted other folk's siller into their wallets like sclatestanes?"

"Ye needna be feared," said his brother Thomas, the Wolf of Drummurchie, "but ye surely have enough of sense to take care of your pelt. Even a swine has that muckle. Do you think that Cassillis and them that are with him have not as much sense as we? They will be standing by some road-side where we have to ride by, and they will have holes cutted out, I warrant you, long or this, to shoot us in the by-ganging—even as we did for Earl Johnnie at the lime-kilns of Dalgorrachies."

But the debauched villain the Laird of Benan and his sister moved him to that pride to which also his own heart ever too easily inclined. So, in spite of entreaty, Bargany leaped on his horse and rode forward himself, with only ten or twelve horse as the first vanguard. Behind him there came other seventy, making in all the number of fourscore armed men on horseback, all good men of mettle. Some were burghers of Ayr that had a soul beyond the ell wand, and could ride a foray and bend the pull of a pistolet with any man. For now I have learned that all townsfolk are not nidderlings, as once I thought in my hot youth and little knowledge.

Now there were two at Bargany's muster who rode away to warn my Lord of Cassillis by which way Bargany came, so that he might be in array. The names of them were William Cunningham and Hew Penandgow, against both of whom Auchendrayne had warned Gilbert Kennedy. But Bargany had taken no heed, for he said, "Never have I seen the time when my right arm could not keep my head against Kings and Earls, let alone pock-puddings and Penandgows!"

"Nor like I this day's work," said Auchendrayne. "I see not here the weight of men to do your turn and carry you through."

Yet all the time he was plotting that Gilbert Kennedy should no more ride home to Bargany, and rule the land in his pride.

It was not long before they came to the bridge of Doon. There they stayed awhile, and Bargany set his mighty men in array. And, as was the custom, he made his address to them, of which I have heard much and often, for all men minded it as the speech of a brave man.

"Sirs," he said, so that they could all catch his words, "I am here to protest before God that I seek neither the life nor the dishonor of my Lord. But I desire to ride home to my house in peace if he will let me. But if not, I look to you all to do your duty as becometh men. He that is willing to do this, out of love and kindness for me, let him tarry with me to the end. But if not, let him leave me now at this present!"

And they all answered, "We will die in your defence if any dare pursue you!"

So, being well agreed, they rode forward. They were divided into two companies, and their faces were set toward the gate of the town of Maybole. And now it befits that I speak of the things that I saw with my own eyes, and the noble muster that we of the Cassillis faction made on the knowes outside of Maybole.

I mind well of the Earl's spies come riding in with the news that Bargany had ridden out of the town of Ayr, and what joy was in the hearts of most of those that were there when we heard that with him were but eighty men.

Earl John was so full of pleasure that his countenance shone, and he cracked his thumbs like a boy, seeing his enemy in his power. He rode here and there among us, and saw to it that all the hackbutmen had matches and all the footmen practicable spears and pikes.

When we gathered in the High Street the snow was just beginning to fall; and it came from the south, so that we had it on our backs all through the fight.

I was put in the very forefront of the muster with my twenty horsemen. For, save and excepting those of Culzean, and the few that surrounded his own person and were his gentlemen, as Robert Harburgh and the others, my Lord of Cassillis counted not many horsemen, but rather spent his means upon providing hackbutmen with the latest species of ordnance.

But gallantly enough we rode forth from Maybole, with the hackbutmen and spearmen coming on foot after us. The street was full of them as far as one could see, rising and falling like the waves of the sea. Yet was our soldierly figure a little spoiled by the falling snow—at least to the eyes of the women that looked down upon us from the upper windows of the houses. Of course a soldier cared nothing for such a trifle.

When once we got outside the town my Lord bade his men line the hedges and banks, so that the hackbutmen might have both rests for their pieces and shelter for themselves. The Laird of Bargany had few hackbutmen, for he said: "It is not the arm of a gentleman. Comes a bullet of lead, and lord, prince, or peasant, Childe Roland or base craven, there is no difference and no remead."

No sooner were we set, and all under cover, than our spearmen upon the left, and we upon the right, discerned the host of Bargany begin to crown the opposite knolls. And through the pauses of the storm I could see the leaden glint of their spears, and hear the words of command. It was indeed a picked day for a grim fight to the death.

At the head of all Gilbert Kennedy rode, behind him the Wolf, his brother, and the Laird of Auchendrayne, wearing a long cloak, for it was a stormy day, and he no longer a young man. Then it was that my heart rose against the fighting, and I had no such gladness in it as was usual with me, for the sake of young Bargany, whom I loved. Yet as soon as I set eyes upon young John Muir, of Auchendrayne, I felt the iron grow in my veins and the anger mount to my head. Of its own accord my hand gripped my spear-hilt; for this day, by the Earl's command, I was again to lay a lance in rest. But I had now learned the game and art of it, and took lessons no longer from any one.

"If the Lord prosper me this day, I will make an end of one false rogue!" I vowed, solemn as if I had been in the kirk on a Sabbath day.

Then the two forces came so close together that we could see and hear one another—before the snow swept down, blotting out faces and forms alike.

Then began the challenging and taunting, as is ever the way in these clan battles, where every fighter knows every one else and has met him at kirk and market.

Then Patrick Rippitt, that was ever a wild lad, cried out, for provocation to the Laird of Bargany's younger brother, with whom he had some quarrel:

"Laird of Benan, Laird of Benan, this is I, Patrick Rippitt, that took your hackbut from you! For thy latest love's sake, come down to the hole and break a tree with me."

For that was his manner of challenging him to fight with lances. And again, "For all thy loves' sake," cried Patrick—which made a laugh, for Benan's loves were comparable to the snowflakes for number, and for the lightness, but by no means the whiteness, of their characters.

"For thy loves' sake come down, and I will gar thy harns clatter!"

But Benan was silent and gave no answer, albeit the moment before he had been giving Bargany counsel to ride forward at the charge. But Benan was a man debonair but freckless, a weighty man with his tongue, but thewless and unable of his hands.

Long ere this the men of Ayr were keen to be at the shooting. But Bargany held them in, saying, "I will go to the length of my tether in eschewing all cummer and bickering, so far as I may."

And with that he wheeled about his force off the knowes of the Lady Garse, and down by the bog-side of Dinhame, to see whether a way might be won without coming to the bloody arbitrament of battle.

But my Lord the Earl cried out: "Ware ye, there on the left. They would turn our flank and take us unaware!"

So he spread out his hackbutmen, and made them race down the ridges over against Bargany's men, till they won to the foot of the Bog of Dinhame. There was a wall of turf, or, as the country folk call it, a "fail dyke," and our hackbutmen, coming to it first, lined it, and then began to fire on Bargany, who was somewhat disconcerted and taken aback at their alertness. I galloped round to the right, to make safe the wing with my little band of horse, for I feared we might be suddenly assaulted by the whole band of eighty.

However, as it happened, the sudden shooting of our musketeers threw their lines into confusion, some of them halting by a little burn-side that was at the bog foot. This staying of the charge gave further courage to our musketeers, who had time to plant their rests and make their matches ready. The pikemen also gathered at the back of the turf dyke, and set their pikes over the heads of the kneeling hackbutmen. So that it had been as vain for the whole company to have charged upon us as for them to have attacked the walls of Calais.

Nevertheless, I saw them muster and come at us. I caught the trampling of their horses as they gathered speed. The fire of our musketeers flickered out here and there adown the line, for it was a dark afternoon, and the flashes could clearly be seen. I saw sundry horses go down and men fall, with the iron plates of their mail clashing on the frost-firmed ground. Some who started most gallantly reeled in their saddles, threw up their arms, and fell backwards, while their horses galloped riderless away. But that is the manner of men's falling who are smitten by the bullet as they ride.

The Wolf of Drummurchie was down. I hoped that he would rise no more, for he was a cruel beast and the bane of many lives. Indeed, from the fire of our musketeers, all trained marksmen, the riders of Bargany, who had been so proud, fairly melted away, so Earl John was justified of his dependence upon powder and lead.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

"HIDE-HUNTERS" CAUGHT IN THE ACT.—DRAWN BY ARTHUR H. H. HEMING.

SAN FRANCISCO'S RICH FARE.

BY JULIAN RALPH.

I WAS obliged to criticise the politicians of San Francisco and the methods of her railway monopolists, but during my visit there I received other and very pleasant impressions of the city by the Golden Gate. It is the second in gayety among the cities of our country, surpassing New Orleans in this attribute because it is larger, richer, and has a longer season of enjoyable weather. San Francisco abounds in households, clubs, and coteries that entertain ambitiously, and that develop in the entire community an uncommon fondness for most forms of social pleasures and amusements. I say "most forms" because dramatic entertainment in California is unworthy of being included in the list of popular amusements. The desert and the mountain cut this one capital off from the great current of players that sweeps into every other district except that of the Pacific slope.

Through all its history San Francisco has been prosperous beyond the good fortune of any other American city, and to-day all who are paid for their skill or labor receive, in gold, at least fifty per cent. more than is paid in similar lines of endeavor in the East.

It is customary and natural to find the cost of living high where money is abundant, but in San Francisco there is a variation of the rule in this respect—that the necessities and even what we call the luxuries of the table are singularly cheap. And it is for the pleasures of the table that San Francisco is especially distinguished. With the decline of its French restaurants and of the Pickwick Club's popularity, New Orleans has had to rest its laurels as a gourmet's paradise upon her varied and abundant market and the use that is made of it by private entertainers. San Francisco not only possesses a still richer and broader market, but she has a superabundance of fine restaurants, headed by the Café Riche, Marchand's, the Poodle Dog, and, for men, the remarkably well-managed grill-room of the Palace Hotel, a resort for lovers of fish, oysters, and game, the like of which is not to be found, outside of New York, on this continent.

It is true that the principal cooks of San Francisco are Chinamen, and that they are paid fifty per cent. more than we pay to our cooks in the East. But John Chinaman more than saves the extra pay that he demands. He saves it first in his capacity as the market-gardener for the city. He raises as fine truck of all kinds as is attainable in any capital of the world, and how cheaply he markets it we shall see farther along. Then again in his rôle as cook he is the most economical buyer imaginable. He is precisely as saving when he cooks for a millionaire as when he works in a boarding-house. Of vegetables, for instance, he buys a cent's worth or two cents' worth for soup or garnishing, and of all the trifles that enter into a day's cooking he buys in the same petty way precisely what he needs for the next meal in order. He uses up what he has and wastes almost nothing. In San Francisco—save in the treatment of game, which is purely American—John learns of French cooks, directly or through the medium of the mistress of the house, and he distances the Frenchman in his utilization of his stock in hand.

He is a good cook—that is to say, he is an excellent lifelike mimic of the good cooks who have taught him. It is said of one that when he was hiring out to a lady he asked, "What kind cooking you want—$20-a-month cooking or $25-a-month cooking?" If the lady bargained for a high grade of the art, he was willing to give it. Where there is so much entertaining, most wives are ambitious to shine as mistresses of the culinary science; and as they travel frequently (like all our Westerners), they are able to teach John the mode of preparing the exquisite dishes of all the regions that lie between Yokohama and Paris on that side of the globe of which San Francisco is the centre. It is not all copying and no originating with the San Franciscans. They have given to the world the oyster cocktail at least, and they excel the rest of us Americans in the uses to which they put shrimps, oysters, and fresh mushrooms. Such of their clubs as the famous Bohemian, the University, and the Pacific Union are the headquarters of men who understand and appreciate good living. These three clubs experiment with all the changing fads of cookery, and hold fast those which are good.

As to the cheapness of what we call the luxuries of the table, note the prices of the following dishes on the bill of fare of the University Club for March:

Green turtle soup	15	cents.
Striped bass, maitre d'hôtel	25	"
Omelet with fresh mushrooms	30	"
Terrapin, Maryland style	50	"
New asparagus, drawn butter	20	"
One-half canvas-back duck	50	"
Teal duck	35	"
Quail	35	"
Cold artichoke, French dressing	20	"

These prices astonished me, and I turned to the market reports in the *Examiner*, with the result that I found these wholesale figures quoted as the ruling prices of the delicacies of the season:

"GAME.—Quail, $1 50 @ $1 75 ₩ doz.; Ducks—Teal, $1 50 @ $1 75; Small, $1 00 @ $1 25; Mallard, $3 50 @ $4 00; Sprig, $1 50 @ $2 00; Widgeon, $1 50; Brant, $1 50 @ $1 75. Geese—Gray, $2 50 @ $3 00; White do., $1 00 @ $1 25. Hare—$1 00 @ $1 25; Rabbits, $1 00 @ $1 50; Snipe—Common, $1 25 @ $1 50; do. English, $2 50 @ $3 00."

Bananas just in from Honolulu were offered at $1 and $2 a bunch. Oranges fetched $1 50 to $2 for navels and $1 to 14 shillings for seedlings per box. Lemons were quoted at $1 25 to $2 50, but limes, which are generally used in San Francisco, were from 50 to 75 cents a box. Almonds are 8 cents a pound, or 8 and 9 cents for papershells. Filberts and pecans cost the same. Fancy creamery butter was 20 cents a pound, but fancy dairy butter was only 14 or 15 cents. California cheese was 6 and 8 cents, and honey ran 5½ to 13 cents per pound.

From a housekeeper I got the following retail prices of a few of the staples about which I inquired: For strawberries (in March, remember) she paid 25 cents a basket; artichokes cost $1 a dozen; asparagus, rhubarb, and sweet pease cost 25 cents for three pounds; mushrooms and string-beans were 20 cents a pound; 5 cents bought three heads of lettuce or one of celery; mallard ducks cost 90 cents a pair; canvas-backs, $1 25 a pair; teal, $2 a dozen; and quail, $2.

The abundance of fish and game explains the cheapness thereof. Even at Monterey, within the confines of the ancient village, I saw scores of wild-ducks swimming in a pond, and on other small sheets of fresh water I saw them continually from the car windows. Terrapin, turtles, oysters, shrimps, and a greater variety of delicious fishes than we are familiar with are yielded by the Pacific and its sheltering arms. Vegetables and fruits are superabundant. Strawberries are to be had all the year round, and the fruits that are allowed to ripen there are greatly superior to those that we get from there, plucked green to ripen on the road. I wonder that the people of the city do not call it "the Paris of America" without asking leave of Cincinnati to borrow the nickname.

"HIDE-HUNTERS."

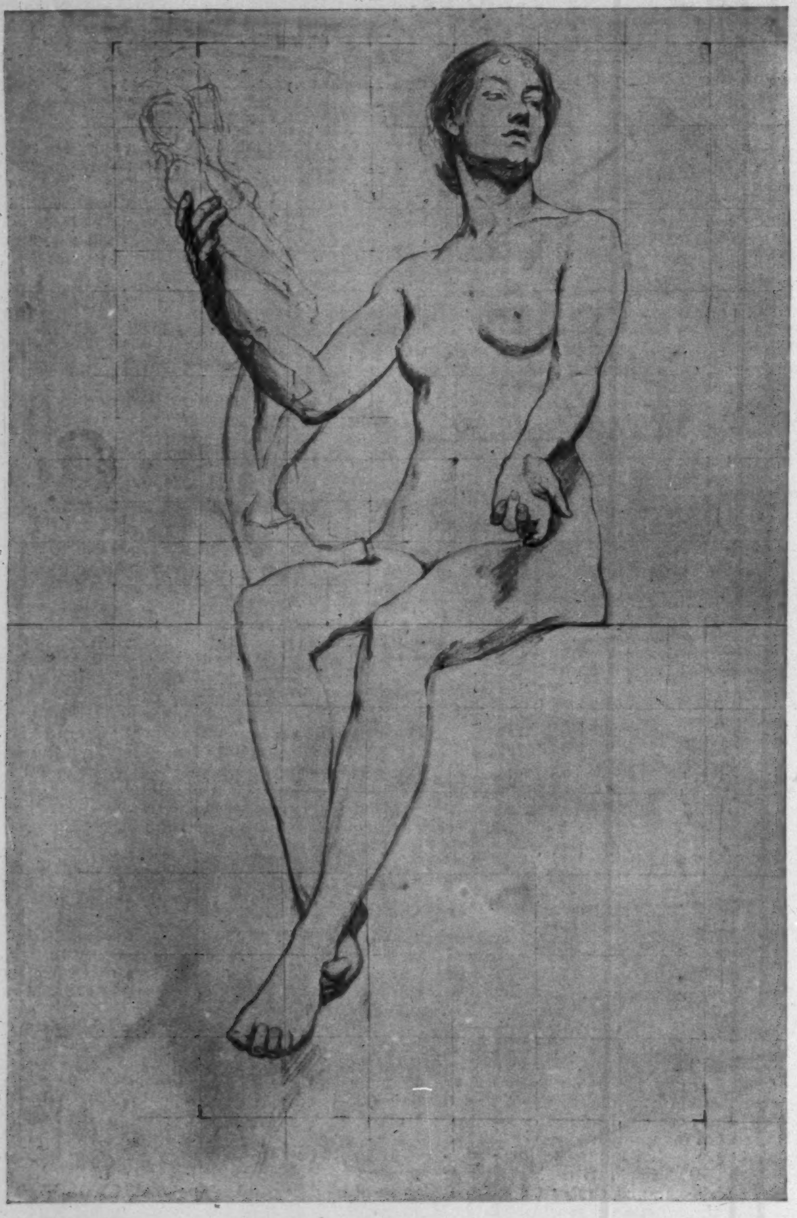
IN view of the large amount of territory allotted to his care, it is next to impossible for the Canadian game-warden properly to oversee his specified range. Fortunately the services of the Canadian Northwest Mounted Police are also available. Their force is not large—something less than a thousand—but they are scattered over a great range of country, and are continually patrolling in ones and twos from one post to another. A considerable number of their patrols run through the best game districts, and when the season closes for the hunting of the various kinds of deer they are ever on the watch for the contemptible "hide-hunter," who, when the snows deepen or crust over, makes his raids upon the deer of his neighborhood. His work is not of necessity, for the laws of the Canadian territories provide that game of all kinds may be killed for food when absolutely needed, but it is simply that of gain. He secures only the hide and head, quite frequently only the former, and leaves the carcass to the wolf and wolverene.

The police stations—or "posts," as they are called—are scattered throughout the greater part of the plains and woodlands that lie between Manitoba and the Rocky Mountains, and are separated by various distances, ranging from twenty-five to two or three hundred miles. The smaller posts are in charge of only two or three constables, but by a regular system of patrols, that cover the country with a perfect net-work of trails, they are enabled to satisfactorily fulfil their many duties.

Now the "hide-hunter" may be a white man, an Indian, or a half-breed, and usually he is of the last-mentioned type; and if there is Cree blood in him, he will show it by his fancy costume, all made of white Hudson Bay blanket. The cap is adorned with a pair of imitation horns, the front of the cap being grotesquely ornamented with two huge eyes cut from a piece of dark cloth. The "breeds" explain that when their quarry catches sight of such a mysterious-looking animal peering over a log or above a ridge of snow, it will become so mystified that it will pause long enough to give the hunter ample time to take an accurate aim.

ARTHUR H. H. HEMING.

POETRY AND THE ARTS—ONE OF KENYON COX'S DECORATIVE PAN



PRELIMINARY STUDY FOR FIGURE OF "SCULPTURE."

STUDIES FOR GENII AT

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THE DECORATIONS OF MR. KENYON COX.

IN the current exhibition of the Architectural League there are shown some studies which throw an interesting light upon the work which Mr. Kenyon Cox is doing for the new Congressional Library at Washington. Among them is the small sketch for one of the two semi-elliptical panels he is painting for the Library, and with this there are presented several details of the design in black-and-white drawings. The latter show the painter's method. He first makes a drawing from the nude. Having thus fixed the structural pose of his figure, he makes a further study from the draped model, and in carrying out the work on canvas, in color, combines the data of the two black-and-whites. It is a fa
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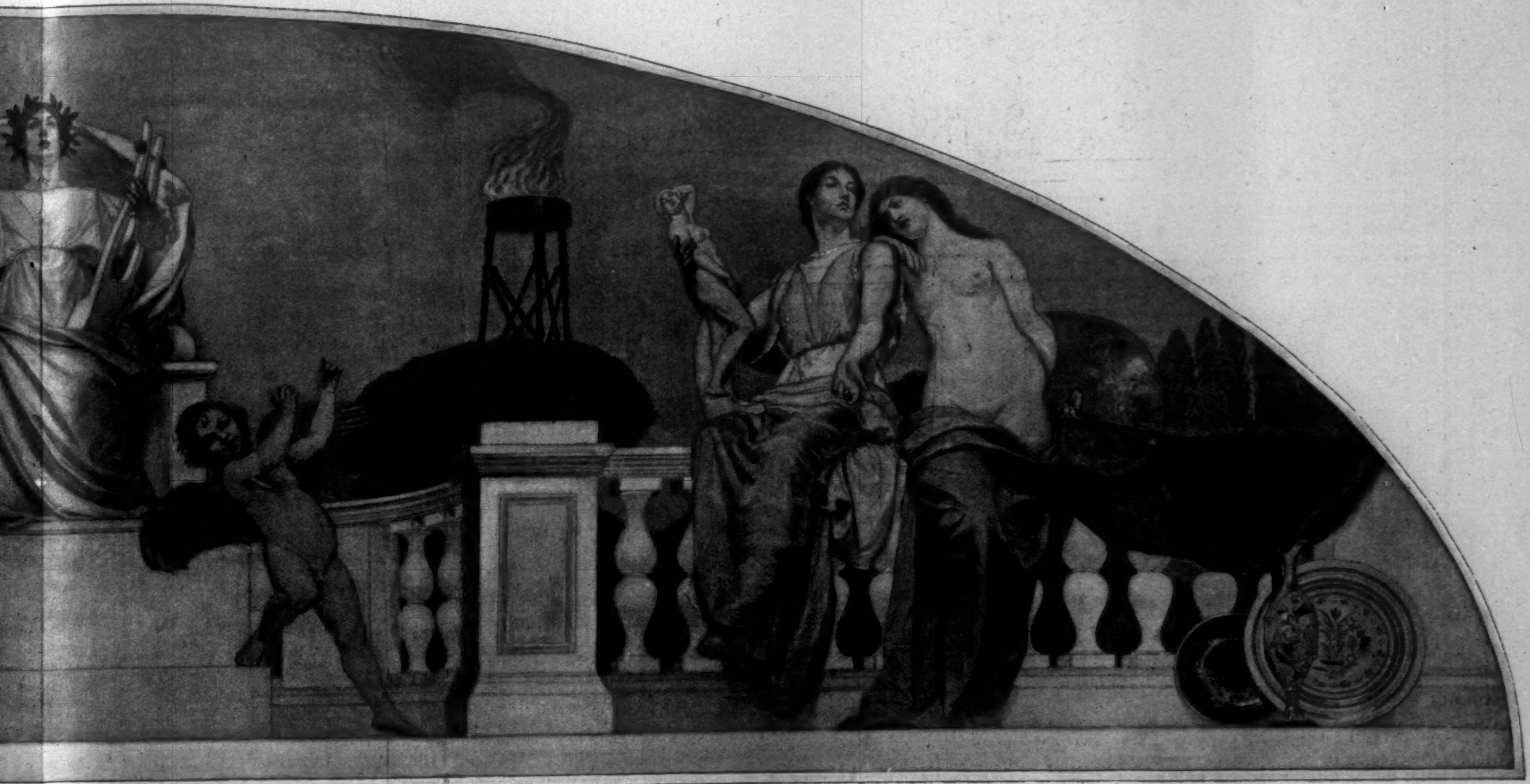
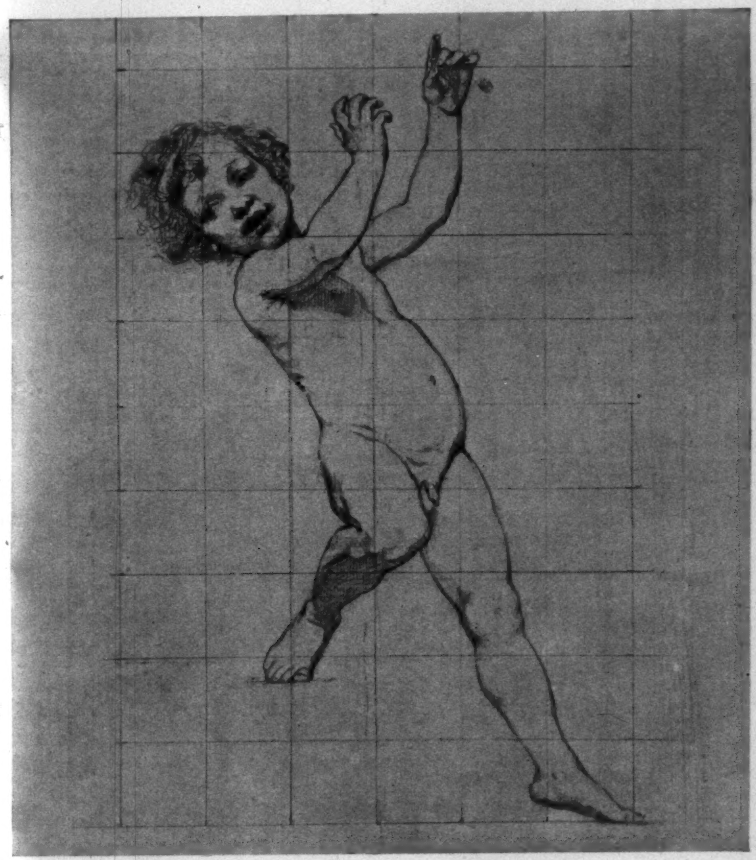


PANELS FOR THE NEW CONGRESSIONAL LIBRARY AT WASHINGTON, D. C.



I AT THE FEET OF "POETRY."

PRELIMINARY STUDY FOR DRAPERY OF FIGURE OF "SCULPTURE."

THE NEW CONGRESSIONAL LIBRARY.

is a familiar expedient which many
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this, for it means the complete dis-
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volution and rest unafraid of caustic
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n of his academic accomplishments

which the preliminary drawings provide. The latter enforce upon the mind his organic merit, they concentrate attention upon the central virtue of his art. That virtue is a great vigor and accuracy of draughtsmanship. Take from him every other advantage he might possess and still his designs would extort admiration for the precision and authority with which they set forth a robust conception of form. The drawings to which reference is made, and of which a few are given on this page, detach themselves at once from the great bulk of such work done in the schools. They are school drawings, academic studies; they are expressive of an academic mind; but, like all good work of this sort, they denote a freedom of hand which is only the more admirable because it is restrained by the mental characteristic which has been noted. Mr. Cox adheres unflinchingly to a scientific

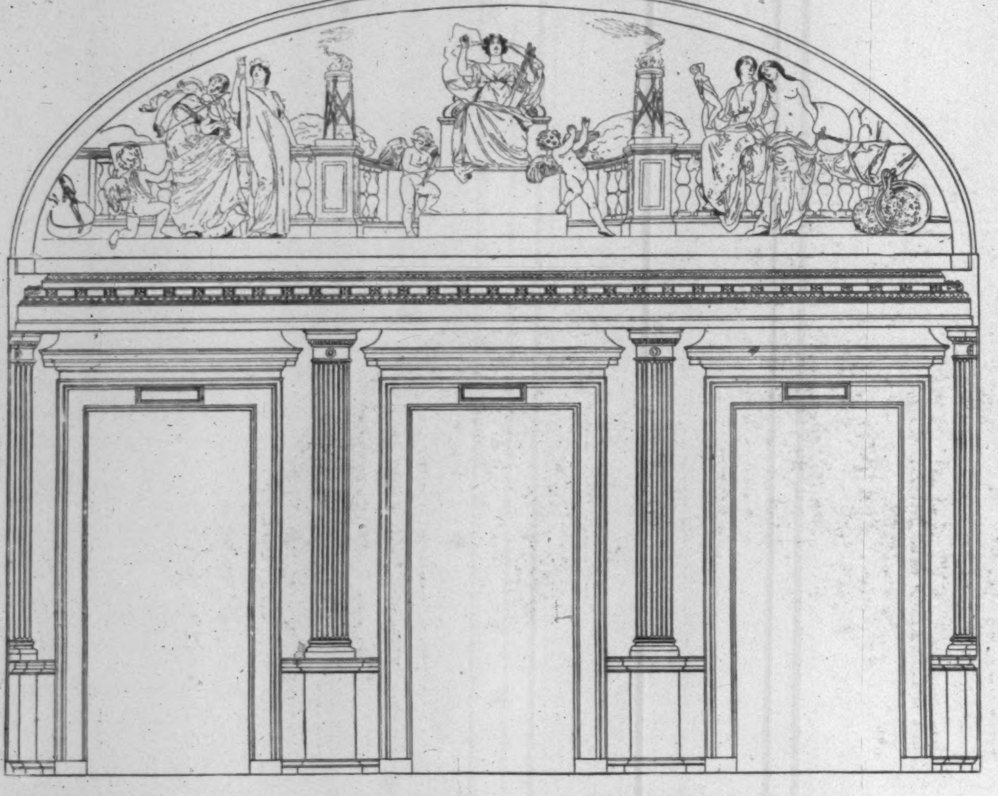


DIAGRAM SHOWING ONE END OF ROOM DECORATED BY MR. KENYON COX.

standard of construction; he builds up his figure, his group, his entire composition, with the utmost solicitude for accuracy of form; but scrutinize any one of his preliminary drawings and it is seen that he follows the contours of the model with a sensitive, flexible touch, that he draws well partly as a matter of training, but also because it is a natural, spontaneous thing for him to do so. The same impression is not derived in every instance from his painted work. His brush does not invariably yield him the flowing, firm-set line which he can control with the point of the pencil or crayon. But if he can exert this control at any time it means something more than mere manual facility, it means knowledge, and in respect to the latter his painted works are as good as those drawn in black and white. It is a question of degree. Mr. Cox employs one medium with more ease than he does the other. But in the long-run he vindicates his acquaintance with the fundamental necessities of both and his ability to cope with them on a high level of technique.

The two panels assigned to Mr. Cox in the decoration of the Congressional Library are to face each other from the ends of a spacious room already settled as to color. The wood-work of the room is of an ivory-white tone, with a harmonious shade of yellow covering the wall wherever the latter is unadorned by wainscoting, pilasters, or other projecting ornament. The vaulted and coffered ceiling is decorated in ivory white and pale blue. In order to meet the requirements of this scheme Mr. Cox has pitched one of his decorations in a light tawny key, and proposes to bring the other (as yet unfinished) into equally sympathetic relation with the surrounding walls, varying his color in the second design, but remembering therein the essential tones of the room. The unity of his coloristic plan remains to be studied at a later time, but the decorative qualities of the panels are at present clearly enough declared.

Mr. Cox knows well how to fill the spaces given to him for the celebration of the Arts and Sciences. He divides the panel given to each subject into three parts. In the centre of the decoration devoted to the Arts he has enthroned a figure of Poetry, with attendant genii. A marble balustrade extends from this group to the edge of the canvas, filling the latter on either side. Flaming tripods surmount this balustrade, one on each side of the Poetry. Then, on one side of the latter, are placed figures symbolical of Sculpture, Painting, and Ceramic Art. These are balanced on the opposite side by Architecture and Music, the latter being symbolized in a violinist, before whom a winged genius kneels with a book opened to the gaze of the player. The central figure in the panel descriptive of the Sciences is a noble figure of Astronomy, the conception being one of the best Mr. Cox has ever produced, and the handling of the form having throughout a peculiar largeness and dignity. An attendant figure bears a globe before this type, and in the groups to the right and left there are represented Botany and Zoology, Physics and Mathematics.

All these figures are graceful and eloquent characterizations; they have individuality and stateliness; they fall into unaffected attitudes; and yet, while preserving an air of spontaneity, in both panels they keep unbroken the architectural symmetry which Mr. Cox had in view from the beginning. The flaming tripods, to which allusion has been made, come in each case above certain pilasters which are part of the structure of the room. In accordance with the linear suggestions of these pilasters Mr. Cox introduces his tripods on his balustrades, presenting thereby no great obstruction between the spectator and the sky in the background, yet, through this more or less formal arrangement of the masses of his composition, enhancing the constructive charm of the entire room. To have done this will constitute this painter's chief contribution to the Congressional Library when his work is completed—to have fitted his interesting designs into the places awaiting them, to have made them members of an architectural scheme. This is the great desideratum in an undertaking like that which is being so finely carried out at Washington, and it must be a source of deep satisfaction to the public that as the artists engaged upon the building proceed in their task they steadily uphold the cardinal elements of decorative art.

ROYAL CORTISSOZ.

WARBURTON'S FLYING-MACHINE.

"THE inventor is the man to be envied, even if he is a crank sometimes," observed Jackson, who had the floor at the Eaters', after Barlow had concluded a narrative concerning the rise and fall of the International Scheme Company, Limited. "He has things pretty much his own way if he amounts to anything at all; and as for the cranky side of his nature, I for one wouldn't give a cent for the man who hasn't that side to his character. There never was a great man yet, a man of real solid convictions, who did not seem to the world at large to be slightly unbalanced in some minor respect."

"Well, if to be a crank is a sign of genius—" began Barlow.

"Never mind," put in Jackson, hastily; "I know what you are going to say. Modesty is not your greatest failing, Caddy, and not one of us here to-night will dispute your claim to greatness, so don't advance it. What I was going to say was that if I could be an inventor, if I had the mind of the individual who can take certain principles of nature and by a proper manipulation thereof can make from them an apparatus of some kind which is of distinct advantage to the world at large, there is nothing in the world that I could not command, and I should be correspondingly happy, and I could afford to be the most inveterate crank that ever lived. Take my friend Jack Warburton, for instance. That fellow has the inventive faculty highly developed in his make-up, and there is not a problem in life that vexes him. If he would be he could be the equal of Edison, but he doesn't think that it is worth while to expend his strength upon putting his abstract notions into concrete form. As he has often said to me, 'What is the use of my working sixteen hours a day for ten years perfecting a machine that will enable some other man who has to work sixteen hours a day to achieve the same results in two?' And as I have as frequently retorted, 'What is the use in your declining to work hard for ten years, when the fruits of those labors would enable you to spend the balance of your life without labor of any kind?' To this his reply has been that life without labor of any kind is dull and colorless; that he likes to work; and that, furthermore, the man who keeps his ideas in the abstract never fails, while he who puts them forward in a concrete example courts disaster."

"All of which proves that your friend is a great inventor of ideas, anyhow," suggested Dr. Robinson.

"Precisely," said Jackson. "In getting up specious arguments to excuse his inexcusable wasting of his genius, there isn't a man in creation that can surpass Jack Warburton."

"Then he invents nothing but excuses?" queried Mr. Bouverie.

"Oh no, not at all," returned Jackson. "He is always busy on some great scheme, but he is content to keep it on paper. I don't believe he ever materialized any of his inventions but once, and that was entirely too successful."

"How odd!" was Mr. Bouverie's comment.

"What was the invention, Jack?" queried Robinson.

"It was a flying-machine," returned Jackson, "and it was a regular eagle for soaring. Warburton had worked upon it for years, and his experience with the thing was discouraging from first to last, the most discouraging feature of all being its final success. It was in 1880 that he first got the idea, according to his statement to me. He had been looking over an old magazine that he had found among his childhood possessions stored away in the attic, and among other selections therein printed he came across Trowbridge's poem about Darius Green and his flying-machine, and it filled him with ambition to do what Darius had failed in doing. He shut himself up in his den for hours every day, and studied the principles of aerial motion. He watched birds in their flight, studied insects from the point of view of their wings, and reached the sage conclusion that if a mosquito could fly, there was really no good reason why man, vastly superior as he is to the mosquito, could not do the same. Having reached this conclusion, he set himself the task of finding out how."

"But with what particular object?" asked Mr. Bouverie. "Why should man want to fly? That is what I cannot see."

Jackson looked at the Englishman in blank amazement for a moment.

"You don't mean to say, Mr. Bouverie," he said, gravely, "that you have reached your present age without ever having had the desire to flap your wings and soar?"

"Of course I do," said Mr. Bouverie, with a chuckle. "Why should I want to fly like a bird, any more than I should want to swing suspended by a tail from a tree like a monkey? It seems to me that a patent tail, which would enable a man to fasten himself downside up to a lofty branch and swing to and fro like an ape, is quite as reasonable as an invention assisting a man to make a jackass of himself flying like a bird. Why should you envy a mosquito his wings more than you should covet his bill and ability to sting people?"

"Excuse me," said Barlow, "but were you ever a boy, Mr. Bouverie?"

"I certainly was," retorted the Englishman. "But I was a sane boy. I never experienced any such emotion as that you speak of."

"Do you ever dream?" asked Jackson.

"Yes—but what of that?" returned Mr. Bouverie.

"Oh, nothing," said Jackson, sipping his coffee. "Nothing except I don't think the Fates have been kind to you if you have never had the ecstasy of dreaming that you could fly. For my part, there are few things in life that I would be more unwilling to part with than the dream I have five or six times a year in which I find myself able to get away from earth and go speeding about the blue vault like a bird. It is simply divine to poise, say, two or three hundred feet up in the air as I do in that dream, and make faces at people I do not like below me; to come back to earth for an instant, and then give a great spring off into the heavens, my coat tails standing out behind me like the folding leaves of a kitchen table, my heels clapping together like a pair of castanets in the very exuberance of their joy at being able to rest on nothing. Then to dive from a cloud rift toward earth with the sweet consciousness that at the right moment you can sheer off into space again without hitting the inhospitable surface of the globe is to me positively sublime."

Mr. Bouverie indulged in a grin, which, if it meant anything, meant that he truly pitied a man who could take pleasure in a performance so lacking in dignity.

"You'd look well diving off a cloud," he commented.

"I think so myself," said Jackson, with a smile.

"And was this your friend Warburton's sole object in wasting his energies upon a flying-machine?" asked the Englishman. "It seems to me that an appliance made for any such futile purpose as that must have involved a wicked misuse of time."

"I don't think so," said Dr. Robinson. "Granting that its sole use was to contribute to the pleasure of wholly insane persons, it seems to me that that is enough."

"But it had other uses," put in Jackson. "Warburton had a humane motive in getting up his machine. In the first place, a flying-machine would be useful in fires. In these days of inflammable fire-proof flat-houses, for instance—sky-scrapers they are called, because they run as high as nineteen and twenty stories—appliances of that sort would be of inestimable value. They could be made so cheap that every tenant of an upstairs flat could afford to have one, and in case of fire I think you can see they would do much to insure the safety of many lives. Then, as Warburton himself says, Nature does not treat all men alike. Some of them she places in mountainous regions, where they may obtain the most superb views, while others live in low, flat countries where the horizon is at a minimum. Warburton's machine would enable a resident of Florida or New Jersey—two of the flattest states in the universe, not even excepting that of matrimony—to rise up and soar in the air for at least a week, and get a view that the mere lay of the land furnishes to a New Hampshire man."

"Very philanthropic, that Warburton," said the Commander. "Like a pickpocket I knew once, who always robbed dissipated men to keep them from spending their money on riotous living."

"At any rate," resumed Jackson, "philanthropist or not, whatever his motives, Warburton worked like a Trojan to perfect his machine, and after several failures succeeded in getting one that he thought would work, and in a sense it did work. He took it, just as Darius Green did his, to the top of a low barn; but, unlike Green, he succeeded in flying with it from roof to ground without difficulty. Then he tried a higher building, a three-story building, and got down all right. Then a third trial came, and it *was* a trial. He tried to fly from a six-story building with it, and broke his leg. This discouraged him for a while, but he still believed in his machine. Generally speaking, it was perfectly good to fly down with, but he couldn't start from earth and fly up with it. Now of course it is a great thing to be able to fly down, but a flying-machine that can't be made to fly upwards is not, after all, worth very much. A man doesn't want to be compelled to climb up a ladder or to the top of a flat-house for the pleasure of falling slowly to earth. It is exhilarating, but not so satisfactory as being able to start below and soar upwards. Consequently he directed his attentions to the other side of the affair. To devise a machine by means of which he could soar was now his chief aim. He worked for a year and a half, and at the end of that time was able to run along comfortably two feet above ground, but no more."

"I should think he would have been satisfied with that," said Mr. Bouverie, dryly. "Two feet is sufficient to enable one to move along your New York streets on a rainy day without soiling his shoes."

"True," interposed Barlow. "But we New-Yorkers want something by means of which we can soar over cable-cars, trucks, and hansom cabs without stubbing our toes."

"Exactly; you have really hit the crying necessity for

a flying-machine, Caddy," observed Jackson. "And for the reason that an elevation of two feet seemed to Warburton to be too little, he persevered in making experiments, until he finally obtained a machine that could rise to an indefinite altitude. It was three years ago that this apparatus was perfected. It rose gracefully to the heavens at the trial, but that was all. It couldn't be got to fly downwards for love or money, and poor Warburton had to keep on flying upwards to save his life, for when he had reached an altitude of three hundred feet he discovered that the only way he could get back again was by falling to the earth."

"Which would have killed him?" said Mr. Bouverie.

"Which would have killed him," said Jackson, "and killed him in a beastly painful way."

"And so he flew off into space, and was never heard of again, I suppose?" suggested Barlow.

"No," said Jackson. "Not at all. They had to stalk him with a balloon, and after a while he was rescued and brought back to earth again, none the worse physically for his experience, though his nervous system was in a sorry state for some time after. So far, as you can readily see, his experiences were discouraging enough. One machine could fly downwards, the other upwards, but neither of them could do both. But Warburton once aroused is a perfect demon of persistence. He had spent nearly a thousand dollars getting these useless appliances into shape, and he felt that he could scarcely afford to let that money go without making a final effort to get it back again. Once more he plunged in, and last year success crowned his efforts. He finally got a machine that could fly. It was merely an aerial saddle provided with wings, which moved automatically. Judging from the description he once gave me of it, it must have been the most highly ingenious concern conceivable. I tried to get the hang of the idea from his description, but could not. It was too complicated and baffling for me. All I know is that the would-be flier was provided with a seat as comfortable as that of a bicycle, upon which the aeronaut should sit cross-legged; that the pulling of one lever would set the wings in motion; that another would poise the wings, so that when the rider had once attained a sufficient altitude he could speed through the air in that graceful curvetting motion peculiar to birds at rest, falling gently all the time, until earth was at hand, when the first lever could be once more turned, and up the whole thing would go again. Of course I never saw the machine. If I had I should be able to give a more detailed statement as to its particular features. On paper, however, it was fascinating and perfect—so perfect and so fascinating that I almost wonder that Warburton never made a duplicate of it."

"Why didn't he show it to you?" asked Mr. Bouverie, who was, to say the least, a little inclined to be sceptical on the subject.

"He intended to," said Jackson, lighting a fresh cigar, "but that was where the discouraging side of the whole affair came in. His boy got fooling with it one afternoon, and inadvertently pulled the first lever, and the whole thing flew away."

"What?" cried Mr. Bouverie.

"Flew away," repeated Jackson, solemnly, "and was never seen again. Fortunately the boy was not on it, or he would have gone too. It was never seen again; and for my part I believe it is on the wing yet."

Barlow began to whistle. Dr. Robinson looked severe. Commander Wilbur munched mournfully on a salted almond he had overlooked earlier in the evening. The rest were silent, and Mr. Bouverie, putting his monocle on, gazed steadfastly at Jackson. J. K. Bangs.

THE AMERICAN ABROAD WITHOUT A TONGUE.

In answer to the inquiry, "Why is it that in Holland a plain man often speaks several languages with great fluency?" a Dutch linguist replied, "Because no one will take the trouble to learn our language, while we who profit by close commercial relations with many other nations *must* learn to communicate with them." So, *vice versa*, the isolation and independence of the United States make other tongues unnecessary to us, and convince everybody who lands on our shores that his first thought must be the acquirement of the English language.

The globe-trotting propensities of Anglo-Saxons have put their speech into the mouths of Parisian cabman, German landlady, and Eastern dragoman. Nevertheless, at many points of the compass the non-linguistic American gloomily decides that the universal reign of English will not come during his day and generation, whatever optimists may fondly dream to the contrary.

The business man, who has been accustomed all his life to putting his money down and saying, "I want this," or, "I want that," is seized with helpless rage when for the first time he finds himself stranded in a foreign land, where, as one wrathfully expressed it, "Even the dogs and cats understand more than I do, and the parrots can talk better." Yet, despite his reputation as *the man with one language*, the American makes a good tourist, managing by hook or by crook to get all of his needs supplied. A history of his dire emergencies and daring expedients would fill volumes, but a few instances will suffice.

A gentleman found himself a second too late for a small steamer bound from Naples to Capri, and hurriedly entering a skiff, he took an oar so vigorously that he reached the side of the steamer ere it left the harbor. Wishing to pay the boatman, he was dismayed to find that he had left his money at the hotel. He could not explain his dilemma to the man, nor did he care to risk the storm of invective of which the Neapolitan boatman is capable.

He had his ticket, and a friend at Capri could advance him money, so it was provoking to lose his trip for lack of a franc, but was it not worse than useless to appeal in English to the idle crowd of strange Italians gazing at him from the deck? There was not a moment to lose in hesitation, and standing up on the edge of the skiff, he called out, "Will any gentleman lend me a franc?"

He was tall and very thin, with an effeminate, high-pitched voice, and the effect was so ludicrous that several passengers laughed at the queer *forestiere* who was saying something or other in his own barbarous tongue. But the desired piece of silver dropped from an unseen hand, and once on board he sought his timely friend, who proved to be a gentleman who did not know him by name, but had recognized him by the peculiar voice as having stopped at the same hotel as himself in London.

The American who begins to travel soon realizes that the world is a very small place, after all, for people who have met once are apt to run up against each other at all sorts of times and places. Occasionally such encounters are far from agreeable, but often they make pleasant oases and lead to the formation of life-long friendships.

A lady who was awaiting her husband in a Paris station felt thirsty, and patronized a lemonade stand, only to discover too late that she had no sous in her pocket. What could she do? She could not replace the drink, nor was her French equal to explaining to the vender that he must await her husband's return for the money. Moreover, he eyed her so suspiciously that, growing desperate, she called in English to a lady passing by, "Will you kindly lend me three sous?"

"Certainly," was the reply, in the same familiar tongue; "I am only too glad to oblige a countrywoman." The friend in need turned out to be an American who had married a Scotchman. Living in an obscure town, she had scarcely met an American for twenty years, and this dearth may account for her ready response to the stranger's odd request.

The two parted without learning each other's name, but five years afterwards the first-mentioned lady, answering her own door-bell in Rome, was confronted by her Paris friend. "Does Mrs. S——, the artist, live here?" "No," was the reply, "but Mrs. J—— does, and if you will walk in she will gladly pay you the three sous she owes you."

Women sometimes lose sight of their liege lords, and have been known to trace them by their overcoats, their valises, etc., but I doubt if many could contest the palm with a certain Mrs. Miller, who tracked her husband by his shoes. She went from Florence to rejoin him at his Roman boarding-house, but the telegram announcing her coming was not delivered. She reached the *pension* after midnight, but, ably seconded by the cab-driver and a night-guard who was attracted by the noise, her vigorous knocking brought a drowsy porter to the street door.

"I am Mrs. Miller, and I wish to go quietly to my husband's room."

"Meeler—Meeler," said the man, reflectively: "I know it not. The *padrona* keep the Eenglise name, and she is gone to the *ballo*."

"Then give me another bedroom for to-night," said the tired traveller. But everything was full, and, owing to a grand fête in Rome, it would be the same tale at other places. As it was plainly out of the question to go knocking at random at bedroom doors for a man named "Meeler," there seemed nothing to do but wait several hours, until the landlady became so tired of dancing that she would come home to attend to her lodgers.

It was a dismal prospect; but catching a glimpse of some shoes set outside of a door, the quick-witted wife had a happy thought. "Show me round to all the bedroom doors," she exclaimed, triumphantly; "I'll know my husband's shoes when I see them." The sequel proved her inspiration to be a wise one, although the sleepy spouse required some strong persuasion, through so dense a medium as bedclothes and a closed door, ere he felt convinced that it was really his own dear wife who demanded admittance at that unearthly hour.

Foreigners who have learned a little English are too proud of the accomplishment to hide it under a bushel, but freely offer it for the assistance of bewildered tourists. Their knowledge may be used as a means to a bad end, but it is sometimes no more than pure good-nature, or at worst a childish desire to show off, which occasionally results in a neat failure.

A Neapolitan had reached the summit of Vesuvius alone, and was waiting for his companion, when his attention was attracted by an English party on the ascent. There was some emulation as to who could reach the top first, and, anxious to display his knowledge of English, he hailed the successful lady with a hearty "Bully for you! first rate!" She smiled, but, without speaking, sat down at a little distance. The next person arrived very red in the face and almost breathless from the exertion of climbing, but she managed to gasp, in a horrified undertone: "Do you know who that is to whom you have been speaking? It is her Royal Highness the Princess Beatrice of England."

The enormity of the offence was hardly appreciated by the democratic Italian, but, despite the evident amusement of the Princess, his London wife almost fainted with chagrin when she appeared upon the scene soon afterwards.

Olive May Eager.

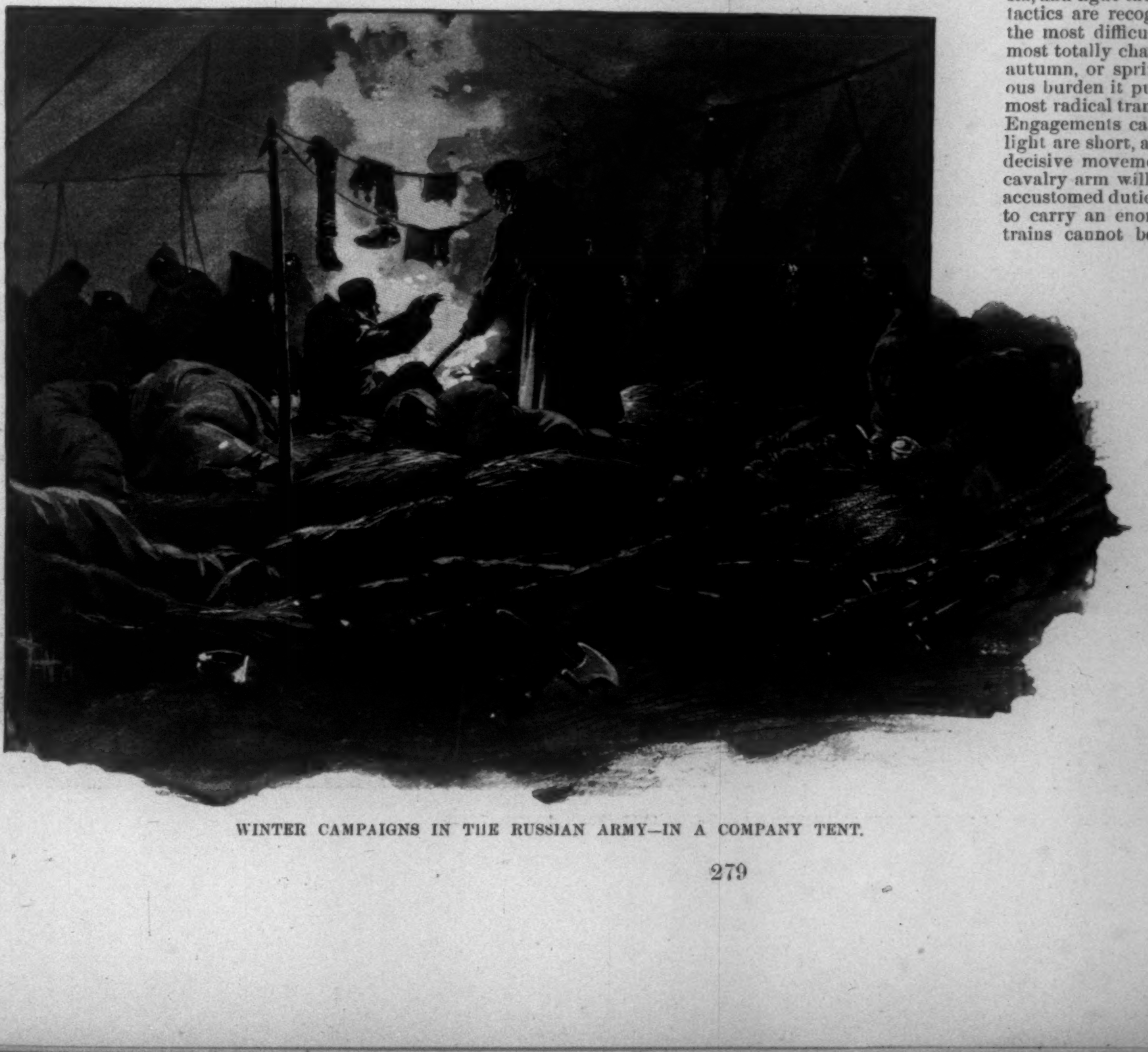
WINTER CAMPAIGNS IN THE RUSSIAN ARMY.

Illustrations by Lieutenant-Colonel F. Nienstaedt.

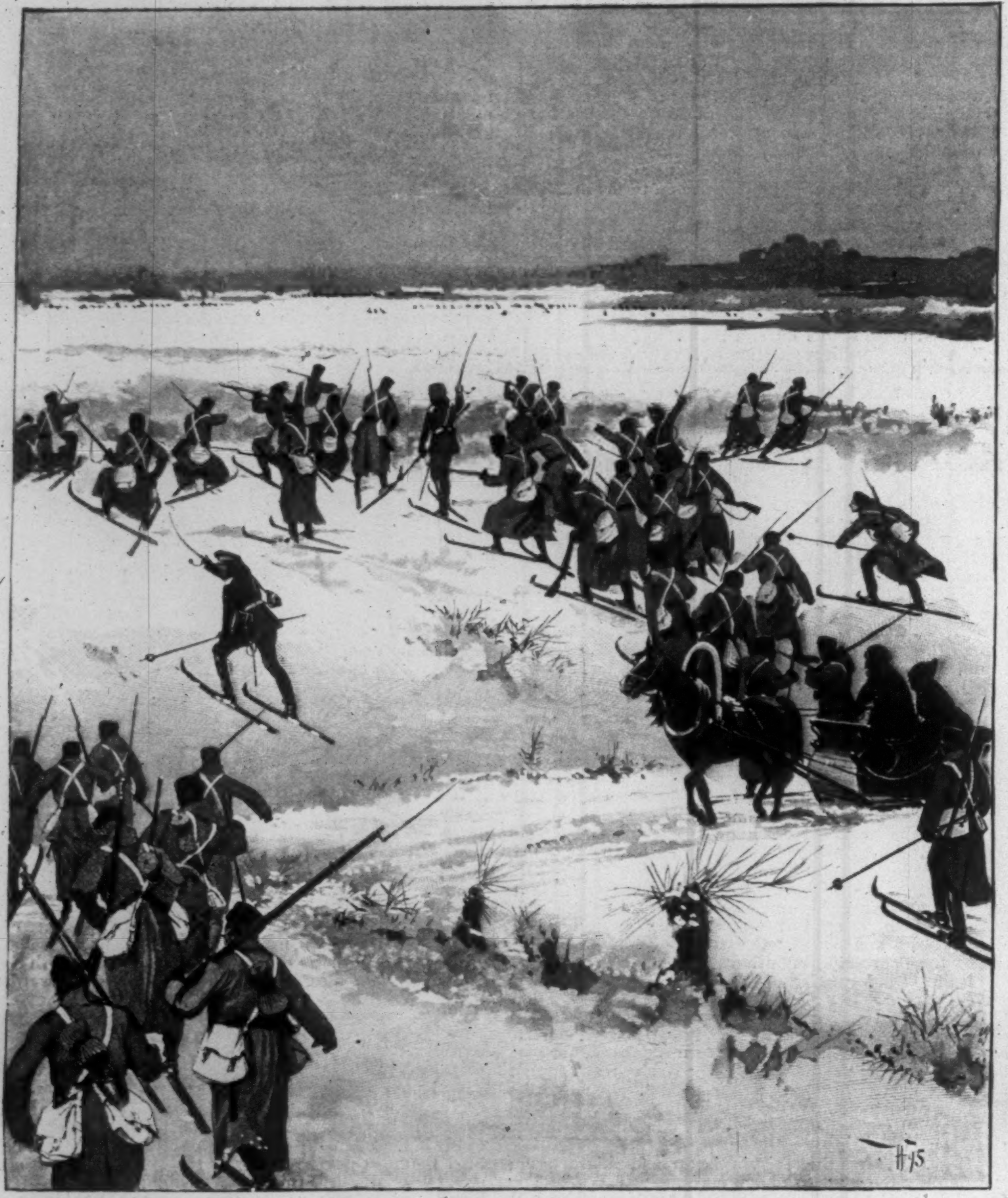
Not wholly satisfied with her vastly outnumbering forces, Russia proposes to call the inclemency of winter to her aid. Since the campaign of Moscow frost has been held the most powerful ally of the Muscovite. As a result, the enormous armies now drilling on Russian territory are made to accustom themselves to the coldest weather, so that when called to active campaigning they can endure the blasts of winter as easily as the heats of summer. As was proved in all the campaigns of this century, the Russian soldiery can endure cold with less discomfort and loss than the Austrians, French, or Prussians. Counting on this, the regular army is drilled, fed, armed, and clothed with special reference to winter campaigns. This astute calculation involves an almost radically different system from that pursued by the triple alliance.

Supposing war is declared, Russia will restrain her movements to something like a defensive until the rigors of winter set in. Then, as in the days of Frederick the Great, they will overrun the frozen wastes of eastern Prussia, and fight the decisive battles on Prussian soil. These tactics are recognized by the Germans and Austrians as the most difficult to combat, for winter manœuvring almost totally changes the methods prescribed for summer, autumn, or spring campaigns. The first and most serious burden it puts upon the allied commanders is an almost radical transformation in the conduct of the cavalry. Engagements cannot be prolonged. The hours of daylight are short, and modern warfare does not contemplate decisive movements in the dark. Hence the use of the cavalry arm will be so limited as to almost render their accustomed duties practically null. The men will be forced to carry an enormous increase of heavy clothing. The trains cannot be moved with celerity over the snows. Cavalry cannot charge in large masses. The infantry, laden down with overcoats and larger rations of provisions, will be found less effective in skirmishing and charging *en masse*. The utensils of the pioneers will have to be increased. Snow-shoes will have to be provided for the outposts, and even for the skirmishers, so that the clock-work mechanism which makes the German army the model of all armaments will enter the campaign at a vital disadvantage.

One of the pre-eminent virtues of the German army in its last two wars was the celerity, accuracy, and continuity of its reconnoitring corps. As the Russians mean to make war, all this superiority will be lost; for in deep snow and piercing cold the light riders cannot dart from flank to flank as they did in France, penetrating every offensive movement as soon as begun. Perhaps the most menacing disadvantage of the winter movements for the triple alliance will be the difficulty of bringing artillery into line for the safeguarding of columns holding crucial points on an extended battle-field. Many a desperate field was saved to Napoleon by the celerity of the artillery, and it is one of the traditions of Sadowa that the Prussian guns alone held point after point



WINTER CAMPAIGNS IN THE RUSSIAN ARMY—IN A COMPANY TENT.



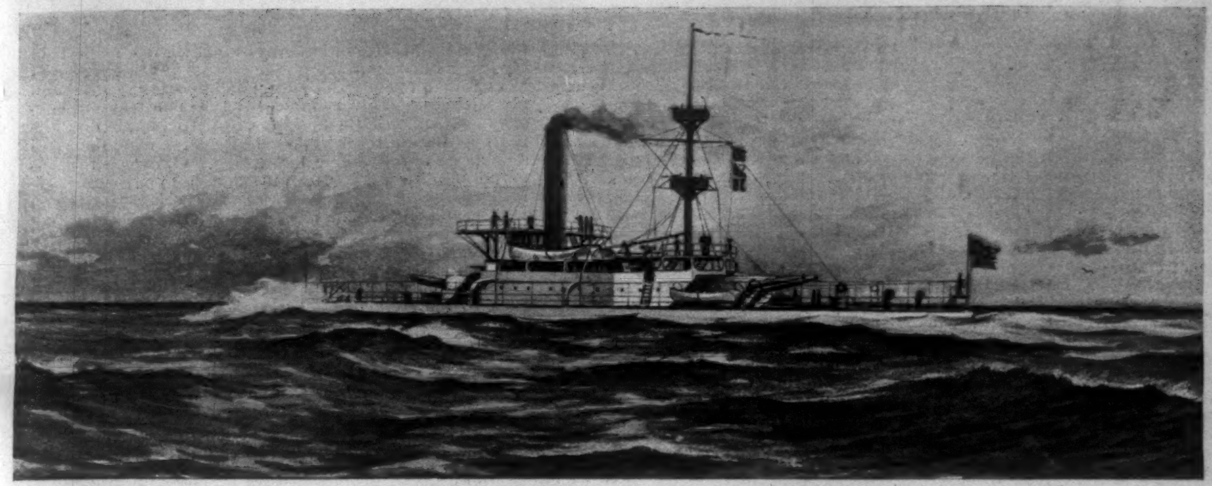
DRILLING ON SKIS.

until the troops came up in sufficient numbers to secure them. If forced to pursue the Russians, the triple alliance armies will be confronted by just the perplexities prearranged by the Muscovite. Far from his base, with an augmented train, with a soldiery hampered by the elements as well as by the intolerable burden of supply, the invading commander will be compelled to invent a new order of strategy as well as of tactics.

First, no local shelter can be depended on; for the westernmost provinces of Russia have few towns, almost no appliances for improvising barracks, no waterways to serve as springs. At 4.30 in the evening the army will be compelled to bivouac and to construct everything in the way of quarters. None of the pleasant and plenteous marauding which made the 1870 campaign in France so rich in spoil. As 20° below zero Réaumur is not unusual for Russian troops, the allies must count on acclimating their armies to this trying cold. As the situation now confronts Austria and Germany, the Russian army has the indisputable advantage of clothing fitted to the temperature, as well as for the different tactical operations enforced by the elements that enter into the problem. The garb of the private soldier, called the "tabard," quite long, reaching not quite to the knee, with two thicknesses of heavy cloth over the breast, is a loose garment perfectly answering the purpose of an outer coat underneath one or two thicknesses of flannel, in no way impedes the soldier's movements either in firing or manœuvring. Add to this a cloak, two pairs of thick boots, the "baschylik" to cover the head, ears, and throat, and the accoutrement of the Russian soldier may be realized. When to this is added a knapsack containing two pairs of stockings and two of drawers it will be seen that safety from cold involves an enormous burden. A final detail: to prevent freezing in the bitter wind, vaseline or fat is rubbed over the exposed parts of the body. The Russians have never yet attempted to house their regular army corps in villages or towns, as there are too few of these to accommodate a corps in war. To accommodate them barracks are built at all the strategic points, and as these are combustible, they offer no point of vantage for an invading army even if successful in combat. Under these circumstances the cavalry and horses of the artillery are rarely provided with quarters.

Infantry and artillerymen carry shelter-tents like those used in the Union army during the civil war. Each man carries a flap, and when in bivouac these are buttoned together, affording shelter for two men. These, however, would be absurd in winter. It has been found that large tents, holding from fifty to seventy-five men, afford more warmth, as under such conditions bodies packed close together create warmth. Sixty pieces make a tent of this sort, and each piece carried by an individual diminishes the bulk of the trains. In most cases lighted fires can be made in them, and the company cooking done under shelter. They have the drawback of offering more surface to the wind; but, on the other hand, they animate the soldiery after a march or battle, and afford the drenched opportunities for drying their clothing. Great care is taken to clear the ground of snow; straw is spread over the frozen ground, and the soldiers' equipments are made use of to hold the canvas to the ground. In the winter, moreover, the object is to accustom the soldiery to all the hardships they must meet in a real campaign, and it is confessed that the military leaders beyond the Vistula show surprising fertility of resources, and seem animated by the device, "If I rest I rust!"

CAVALRY DETACHMENT TAKING POSSESSION OF QUARTERS.



THE UNITED STATES MONITOR "MONADNOCK."

THE U. S. MONITOR "MONADNOCK."

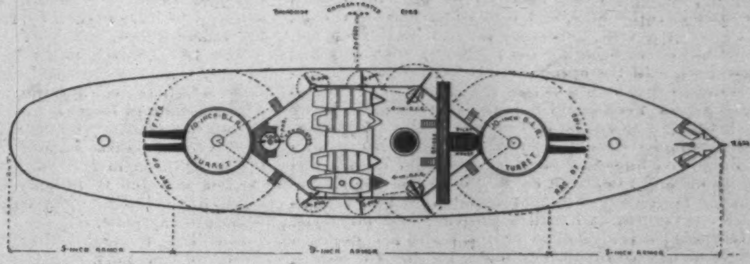
After twenty-one years of interrupted preparation the *Monadnock* was re-added to the active list of the navy on the 20th of February, and in her advent the service became the richer by a powerful craft.

With a water-line length of 259 feet 6 inches, having an extreme beam of 55 feet 10 inches, and drawing, upon a displacement of 3990 tons, 14½ feet of water, her low free-board of only 25 inches hardly suggests buoyancy and easy seaways; yet, despite quick unlabored rolling, the craft will prove weatherly in every reasonable sense, if the unimportant wetness of her main-deck be excepted.

From stem to stern the iron hull is belted by a continuous band of steel armor six feet wide, nine inches thick throughout the engine, boiler, and magazine spaces, and five inches thick thence to the ends. This belt maintains its maximum to six inches below the water-line, whence it tapers to four and three inches respectively at the armor shelf below.

Up to this shelf there will be an inner skin, with an intervening double bottom, divided, as usual, into numerous water-tight compartments, each under drainage control.

Housed within two 7½-inch turrets of Harveyized steel, the four 10-inch breech-loading rifles are loaded, elevated, and depressed, and turned from side to side through an arc of 280° by hydraulic mechanisms working within the shelter of 11½-inch barbettes of nickel-steel. These barbettes are water-tight from the 1½-inch main-deck of steel up to five feet above, thus adding to the vessel's effective freeboard, while rendering harmless the broken water that may tumble aboard over the low bow and sides. And this feature, the design of Chief-Constructor Hichborn, is the most important one by which this craft, with three others of like type, has been transformed in design from a vessel of doubtful utility into a modern monitor of unquestioned efficiency. The smoke-stack and ventilators are also armored for some distance above the main-deck.



DECK PLAN OF THE UNITED STATES MONITOR "MONADNOCK."

The guns from both turrets can be concentrated on either beam at a point within a small-boat's length of the vessel's side.

The superstructure between the turrets—of no military value—will afford quarters for the captain and senior officers, and support the deck upon which will be worked the 4-inch rapid-fire rifles and the smaller guns.

Her engines, actuating twin screws and in two water-tight compartments, are of the horizontal, triple-expansion type, an estimated indicated horse-power of 3000, and inducing a speed of 14½ knots an hour.

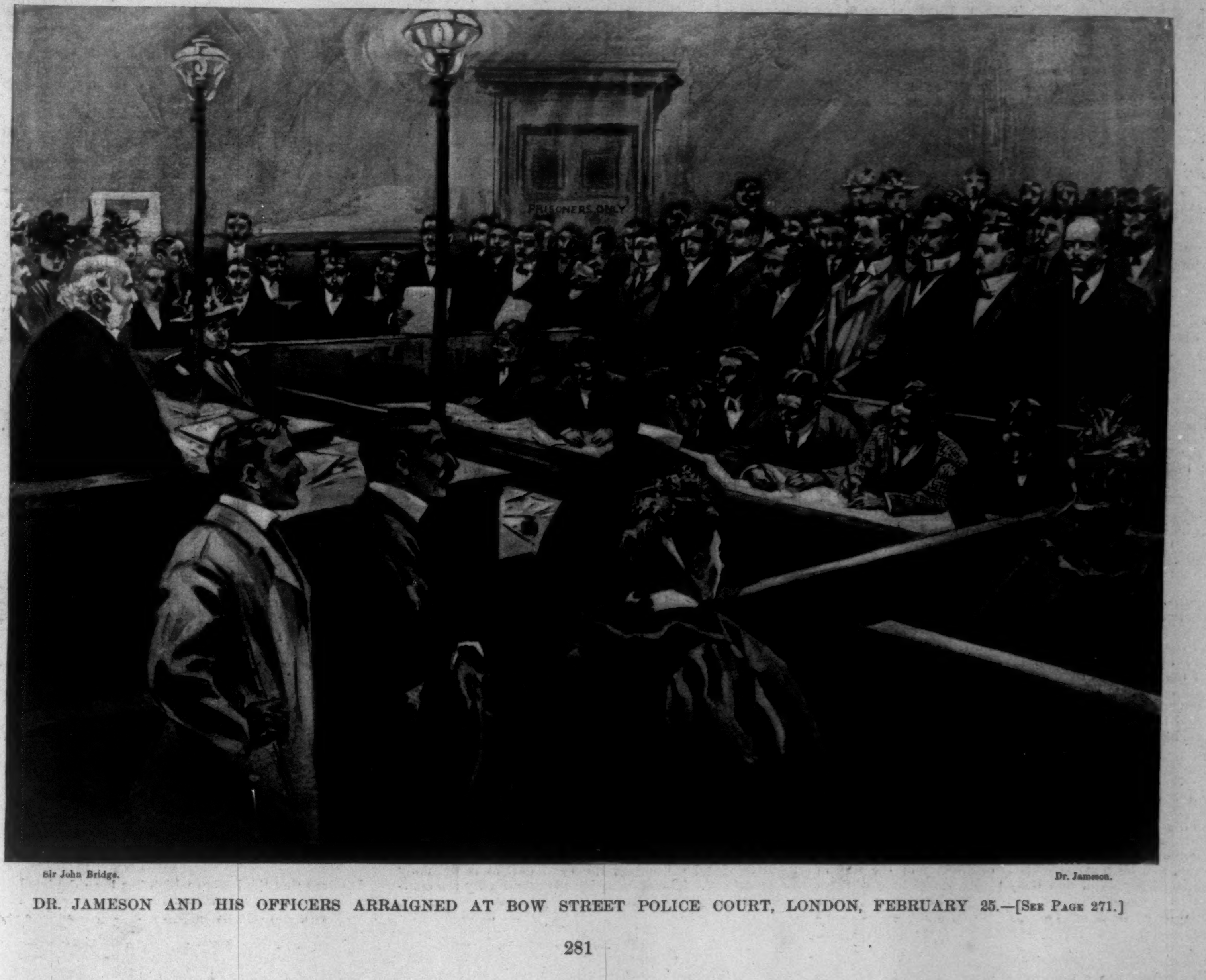
Four large boilers, in two water-tight compartments, will supply steam at a working pressure of 160 pounds when running under forced draught.

Historically the present vessel is a "rebuilt" version of the old *Monadnock*, a wooden, iron-armored craft of 1094 tons tonnage, built in Boston in 1862–3.

The keel of the present ship was laid at Vallejo, California, in the latter part of 1875, the vessel having been set up in frame at Williamsburg, New York, and then taken down and shipped across the continent.

On September 17, 1883, the craft was launched and taken to the Mare Island Navy-yard, just opposite Vallejo, where she remained practically untouched till the successive acts of 1885, 1886, and 1887 provided for her completion. In the *Monadnock* of to-day we have something more than a vessel for harbor defence—we have a craft that can bear her battery of ponderous guns anywhere within the scope of her 250-ton coal supply, and a ship that can bombard, from a distance of six miles or more, any position open to such attack. And in a naval duel, under moderate weather conditions, she would prove a formidable foe for the largest battle-ship afloat.

Robert G. Skerrett.



Sir John Bridge. Dr. Jameson.

DR. JAMESON AND HIS OFFICERS ARRAIGNED AT BOW STREET POLICE COURT, LONDON, FEBRUARY 25.—[See Page 271.]

THIS BUSY WORLD

CORNELL is one of the places where the memory of George William Curtis is kept perennially green. "Curtis Day"—Mr. Curtis's birthday—is celebrated annually, and was observed last month in the usual fashion. Three professors made addresses recalling Mr. Curtis's interest in debating at Cornell, and his public services as an editor and in politics. Cornell has three Curtis debating clubs, one in each of the upper three classes.

Another place where Mr. Curtis's birthday is annually observed is in the Staten Island Academy at New Brighton. The trustees of the Academy a year or two since authorized its yearly celebration, and this year the address was made by Mr. William Winter, the president of the board.

The present visit of Mr. Theodore Thomas to New York cannot be accurately described as the Return of the Native, because Mr. Thomas was not born here but in Germany. But he is so old and honored a friend and master here, and has done so very much for music in New York, and spent so many laborious and useful years in doing it, that New York is not likely ever to divest herself of the sentiment that however he may dally with Chicago he is really hers, and that when he comes back here, even for a visit, he comes home. This time Mr. Thomas has come bringing his orchestra with him and equipped with all the apparatus needed to make his old friends dream that he is still theirs. His Chicago orchestra, which New York heard for the first time on Tuesday night, is thought to be the best he has ever got together. His soloists include Mr. Joseffy, Mr. Plunket Greene, Madame Juch, and Messrs. Steindl, Bendix, and Davies, and his series of seven concerts, already begun at the Metropolitan Opera-house, has been anticipated for some weeks past with eagerness and with a proper greed for seats. At this writing it is all still in prospect, and it is impossible therefore to give any details of Mr. Thomas's welcome, or tell about the presentation of the silver bowl which his friends and admirers have planned to give him at the close of the first concert on Tuesday. Six concerts are still to come, the last one being set for Friday afternoon, March 27th.

The unusual willingness of most of the civilized nations of the earth to entertain the idea of fighting other nations, civilized or barbarous, is so marked as to be a matter of common comment. Lord Rosebery refers to it as "the unsettled condition of the world, a somewhat bellicose and uncertain state even in the United States," and thinks it warrants and excuses Germany's recent investments in new war material. Professor Shaler describes the American phase of it in the *North American* as "a curious tide which is setting our nation towards warfare." We all notice it, and very many of us don't like it at all, but no one as yet has traced any connection between it and the recent growth in the popularity of fighting stories. It is a fact that for two or three years past tales like those of Mr. Weyman, Mr. Crockett, and Mr. Anthony Hope, which have blood-letting at every third page, have been remarkably popular, and have been preferred for pastime purposes to most of the more humdrum stories of peaceful life. Is there a relation between the popularity of these tales and the fighting humor the world is in? Is the popularity of Weyman, Hope, Crockett, and their fellows due to a certain impatience of more placid fiction bred of twenty-five years of peace? Maybe so, and yet the peace of the last quarter-century in Christendom has been so glorious and progressive that there is small excuse to find it irksome. Let us hope that battles on the printed page may sate our martial ardor, if we have any, and help to save the rising generation from finding out by actual experiment that experience is a dear school and war a calamity.

The resignation of the Rev. Theodore C. Williams from the pastorate of All Souls Unitarian Church is a piece of news that among church-goers in New York approaches the dimensions of an event. Twelve years ago Mr. Williams succeeded Dr. Bellows. He was then but eight years out of Harvard College, so he is a young man still. He is understood to have been highly successful in his ministry, and now retires neither from dissatisfaction nor discouragement, but because he wishes to study and invite his soul. "In a metropolitan charge," he has said, "the opportunity for superficial diffusion of interests constantly threatens intellectual and spiritual growth." That is not incomprehensible, and helps to an understanding of Mr. Williams's action. Some one should hold up to him the example of Dr. Furness, who was in charge of his church in Philadelphia for fifty years, and its pastor emeritus for twenty-one years longer, and yet never had to stop work to get a chance to think. Perhaps Mr. Williams would say, "Ah, but Philadelphia isn't New York!" That is true; and it is also true that Dr. Furness used to say he preached only one sermon. That one discourse matured apparently as he did, and suited him. Another thing that one recalls from the newspaper notices about Dr. Furness is the record of his distaste for organized work, and the rumor of Dr. Bellows's impatience with him because he persisted in going his own gait and sparing himself the attrition of going overmuch in harness with his brethren. There seems to be a basis in Mr. Williams's retirement for the suspicion that when Dr. Furness preferred his own way of being a minister to Dr. Bellows's way, his wary preference issued from a sound instinct of self-preservation. Dr. Furness demonstrated that it was possible to work continuously as he worked and keep alive. Mr. Williams seems to have found that to work as Dr. Bellows worked is more than human nature can endure without pulling out occasionally and resting. And yet they say that Dr. Bellows sometimes grumbled at Dr. Furness's preferences! Dr. Furness was in a great many different particulars an exceptionally satisfactory human being, and he was particularly exemplary in the way in which he kept soul and body together, and both of them active and equal to their task. It would seem as if there must be much in Dr. Furness's theory and practice of the art of being a minister which it might be profitable for tired metropolitan clergymen to study.

To an allegation of the *Evening Post*, based on citations from written testimony of H. C. Bunner, that Professor Brander Matthews got his culture direct and not by way of Europe, Professor Matthews has replied in a brief communication to the *Post*, setting forth that what was really stated by Mr. Bunner (who is now in California and unable to take the witness stand) was that Professor Matthews owes none of his (literary) qualities to the British, but is bred of France and of America. Professor Matthews maintains in effect that the statement that a writer has imbibed French culture but not British does not warrant the conclusion that he is quit of all obligations to the writers of Europe. The *Post* retorts by a further citation from Mr. Bunner's testimony, but since that imputes to Mr. Matthews a "literary code inspired by the spirit of the purest French thought," it cannot be admitted to establish that his culture is absolutely home grown, even though it does maintain that his code is "strengthened by an Americanism that has had the rare good fortune to be left to its own development."

Americans who remember the visit of the Bishop of Derry to this country in 1892 will be interested in his recent election to the Primacy of the Anglican Church in Ireland. Since the Irish Church was disestablished its bishops have not been appointed by the Crown, as in England, but elected. The Primacy in Ireland goes with the archbishopric of Armagh, and the electors are the Irish bishops. In electing Dr. Alexander to the vacant see they are held to have chosen by far the most distinguished of the Irish bishops.

The Low-Church party has been strong in the Irish Church since the disestablishment, and Broad-Church tendencies have thriven and progressed there. The promotion of the Bishop of Derry is the more notable because he represents the contrary tendency. Since he is a moderately high Churchman, and more closely associated than most of his brethren in Ireland with the English Church, his election is taken to indicate that the Irish Church is not likely to get farther away from the English Church than it has already gone.

It will be remembered that the visit of the Bishop of Derry to New York four years ago was in response to an invitation from Bishop Potter, representing the Trustees of Columbia College, to deliver a series of discourses during Lent before the faculties and students of Columbia College and others upon subjects connected with the evidences of Christianity. These discourses, of which there were five, together with four others, two of which were delivered in the chapel of the Episcopal Theological School at Harvard, were included in a volume entitled *Primary Convictions*, which was published (by the Harpers) in 1893.

It was fifty years on the 26th of February since the two poets N. P. Willis and George P. Morris started the *Home Journal*. Mr. Willis's poems everybody knew at that time, and if they are not much read now, at least everybody still knows who Willis was and that he wrote them. The memory of Mr. Morris's literary reputation is less green, but he is easily identified to moderns as the author of "Woodman, spare that Tree." Poets are usually esteemed to be better at their own special work than at starting business enterprises, but the paper that Willis and Morris founded has flourished with more or less vigor ever since, and now enjoys high prosperity. It has issued a handsome jubilee number, which includes among its contributors Mr. Charles A. Dana, an old and intimate friend of Willis and his family, Mr. Warner, Mr. Stedman, Dr. Thomas Dunn English, Mrs. Elizabeth Cady Stanton, Julian Hawthorne, and others, not a few of them of such mature experience in the world of letters that they were writers for the press when the *Home Journal* was begun.

In extenuation of the recent demonstration of hostility to Spain by Princeton students it has been explained that the whole ebullition was nothing but horse-play, and had no politics in it. Under all the circumstances "horse-play" seems a somewhat euphemistic term for it, and "jackass-play," rude as the word is, might be a closer fit. But any explanation is acceptable. We must not be too impatient of the folly of youth, even when it is ill-timed.

Nobody seems to have much faith in the rumor that Mr. Bourke Cockran is about to retire from the world and be a monk. We should all regret the retirement of Mr. Cockran from active life, for he is an able and interesting man, and apparently capable of high usefulness in the public service. A rumor that many good people would welcome and try hard to believe would be that Thomas Platt intended to take to the woods and be a monkey. But that is an unlikely thing too, though any citizen who entertains any hope of making a monkey of Mr. Platt is actuated by a worthy purpose, and is cordially desired to roll up his sleeves and proceed.

The gayety of nations will not be eclipsed or seriously overshadowed by the difference of opinion between Mr. Waldorf Astor and Lady Henry Somerset. Mr. Astor's paper said Lady Henry was enough to drive any one mad, and Lady Henry is going to bring suit. Well, Lady Henry, Mr. Astor is not great, but at least he is good "good"—that is, if you can beat him in a lawsuit.

In its issue of March 11th a careful and respected metropolitan journal says:

> "It was announced in New Haven last night that Yale University would receive $200,000 from the estate of Thomas C. Sloane, of this city, who left that sum to his widow with the proviso that if she should marry again the money should go to Yale. Mrs. Sloane's engagement has just been announced. At a special meeting of the Yale corporation yesterday it was resolved to construct the new $100,000 dormitory on York Street."

The news is interesting, but the inference suggested that the Yale corporation held a special meeting on receipt of it and resolved on the strength of Mrs. Sloane's engagement to spend a hundred thousand dollars is probably unintentional. The corporation is undoubtedly too courteous a body to act with such precipitation.

E. S. MARTIN.

CHICAGO.

SOMEHOW or other a statement recently got telegraphed to the London *Times* to the effect that a Bible reader had been introduced into the public schools of Chicago. This has afforded the English papers an opportunity for much moralizing upon the bad effects of the non-religious education of America, the *Spectator*, in particular, hailing the news as indicating a wholesome reaction from the rigid secularism of our public instruction. Of course there is no truth in the report. All it amounts to is that a Bible reader has been prepared by a number of well-intentioned people, and that certain officious persons have been trying to persuade the Chicago Board of Education to authorize its use. It is not likely that they will succeed. The Chicago schools were secularized over twenty years ago, and since then the authorities have wisely refused to go back to a *régime* that was always productive of bitter feelings, to say nothing of its having been opposed to the spirit of American education. Some people will never learn that the poorest way to inculcate morality is to make it the subject of set exercises and a formal discipline.

The statue of good old Father Marquette, presented by the State of Wisconsin to the national Capitol, appeals strongly to public sentiment in Chicago, because of the historical associations that have endeared his memory to the whole Northwest. One finds it hard to believe that religious bigotry can have been carried so far as to object, simply because he was a Catholic priest, to the bestowal of this honor upon the great explorer and discoverer of the Mississippi River. Yet this, it seems, is the case, for a Congressman from Michigan has introduced resolutions against accepting the statue, and even a member of the Wisconsin delegation is reported as saying that he hardly approves "of placing the statue of any minister or priest in the hall where stand those of jurists, statesmen, diplomatists, and soldiers." This opposition is not likely to result seriously, but it is a very unseemly thing that there should be any wrangling at all upon such a subject.

Sir Henry Irving's engagement in Chicago has been continued as successfully as it began, and his performance is enlivened almost every evening by a little speech before the curtain. He says nothing in particular, but he says it gracefully, and the newspapers do not seem to discover (as they sometimes do in the case of Mr. Mansfield's speeches) that he has insulted his audience and the whole American public. Speaking of his Becket, I notice the statement in one of our newspapers that it was Becket's death "that laid another stone upon Magna Charta as a foundation of both religious and civil liberty." Which shows once more that a little learning is a dangerous thing.

The paralytic stroke suffered by Mr. J. H. McVicker some weeks ago proved fatal after all, and he passed quietly away a month after the seizure. He was seventy-four years of age, and had managed his own theatre in Chicago for close upon forty years. He was a good man and a good citizen, and will be as widely and sincerely mourned as any Chicagoan of his generation.

The Art Institute of Chicago is something of which the city has good reason to be proud. Organized in 1879, it has grown steadily until it now stands almost at the head of American institutions of its class. Its success has been the outcome of private enterprise and generosity, as it has received no aid from the municipality beyond permission to erect its building upon public ground. Its dignified building occupies a fine site upon the Lake Front, and houses, besides the art school, collections of paintings and other works of art valued at about two millions of dollars. The school is more than self-supporting, and this year over fifty instructors are engaged in directing the work of more than fifteen hundred students. Attendance at the museum for the year, if the present rate is kept up, will reach the number of six hundred thousand visitors. This year also, for the first time, there is a surplus in the operating expenses in place of the unwelcome deficit that has hitherto confronted the management. The only dark cloud upon the horizon is a debt of some eighty thousand dollars, and a determined effort to pay this off is now being made. This debt once out of the way it will become possible to think of a much-needed enlargement of the building. Both school and museum are badly crowded, and some valuable collections are kept in storage because there is no room in which to exhibit them. The Institute fulfils singularly well the function of providing a centre for the art interests of the city, and is so judiciously managed that the people as a whole, and not merely the cultured few, feel a pride in its possession, and cordially contribute to its support.

W. M. P.

BOSTON.

THE death of Governor Greenhalge has thrown the whole State into mourning. He was fearless and independent, and his wit was of a far higher order than is necessary to furnish forth a campaign speech. His imagination was vivid, and his turns of expression happy and unexpected. His denunciation of the narrow views of the late secret political movement against the Catholic Church won him many friends among his former political foes, so that he ushered in an "era of good feeling" in State politics. He was, however, in national politics a strong partisan; and while he often differed from members of his party in opinion, he was averse to bestowing offices upon his political opponents. Yet he was esteemed as the Governor of the whole people and not of a party.

Five previous Governors of Massachusetts have died in office: Governor William Burnet, a colonial official, in 1729; John Hancock, in 1793; Increase Sumner, in 1799; James Sullivan, in 1808; and William Eustis, in 1825.

The Lieutenant-Governor does not succeed either to the title or to the emoluments of the Governor. He is styled Acting-Governor and Commander-in-Chief, and receives the salary of the lower place, $2000 a year. He performs, however, all the duties incumbent upon the Governor, and exercises all the powers and authorities until the next Governor takes his place.

It seems that the Indian which has been depicted upon the Massachusetts coat of arms is by no means the Simon Pure aboriginal that he should be. The resources of the

Peabody Museum at Cambridge have been drawn upon to furnish an authentic figure of an Indian for a new design for the State arms.

The method of wearing the hair, the shirt, leggings, moccasins, and belt of the revised Indian are taken from historical records, and from photographs of Indians closely allied to the Massachusetts tribe.

In the present coat of arms the Indian holds his bow in the right hand; in the new figure it is placed in the left hand. The earliest Massachusetts seal, although a very rude design, has the Indian represented as holding the bow in the left hand.

It seems strange that for all these years the Bay State's banner should have been emblazoned with an Indian more like a wooden image in front of a tobacconist's shop than like a living savage, and untutored enough to hold his bow in the wrong hand.

The Harvard Memorial Society was organized last year, with the object of impressing the past of the university upon the generations of students. A course of lectures has been arranged by the society, by different graduates, on Harvard in the last four decades. Three bronze tablets, bearing the name of the building, the date of its erection, and the names of its most distinguished occupants, will be placed on the east end of Massachusetts Hall. The finger of the old sun-dial on this building will be restored, and old Harvard Hall inscribed with the fate of its predecessors.

Among other memorials, a monument will be placed in front of Austin Hall to mark the spot where President Langdon prayed for Prescott and his men on their march to Bunker Hill.

The college rooms of the graduates who have brought fame to Harvard will be marked.

The English sparrow was introduced into Boston within the last twenty years, and, like all new-comers, he has found favor with some and abuse from many. He is accused of driving away the insect-eating birds and of neglecting to prosecute in their stead their useful occupation.

These British-American subjects have developed a habit which is at once picturesque and amusing. However much they may wander during the day, at the hour of afternoon tea they assemble from all parts of the city and perch upon the branches of the trees in the King's Chapel Burying-ground. The popular trees are so crowded that they seem to be budding with twittering birds. The noisy "caucus of the crows," of which Lowell speaks, is quite outdone by these sparrows. Like women at a tea, they all talk at once, and loud above the rumble of cart and car the shrill sound rises. Down below them, in the church-yard, rest the old Colonial families who worshipped in the King's Chapel, the first Church of England in Boston, long since "conveyed" by the Unitarians.

It is an odd coincidence that these English birds should every day gather in the first God's acre of the Church of England in the Massachusetts Bay Colony, and open their throats shrilly as if in protest against the perversion of the King's Chapel by dissenters—nay, by Unitarians.

J. T. W.

SAN FRANCISCO.

Last week a rabbit drive took place at Fresno—the great raisin district of the San Joaquin Valley—which was the largest celebration of its kind ever held in California. The land about Fresno, low, level as a billiard table, crossed by irrigating ditches and long lines of poplars, is infested by rabbits, which multiply with such rapidity that they are becoming as great a plague as they are in Australia. A corral is built in the middle of one of the vast and uncultivated levels. Toward this, crossing the country for a distance of from six to seven miles, a line of carriages, wagons, men on horses, men on bicycles, boys on foot, women and children, slowly converge, the two ends of the line drawing together and enclosing the corral in a circle, of which it forms the central point. As this line gradually advances, the rabbits start from their burrows and run before it in thousands, making for the corral, into the funnel-shaped entrance of which they dash in excited multitudes. Boys with clubs await them there, and when the line has closed in upon them and rounded them all up the slaughter begins.

The comments of Paderewski and Marsick, the violinist, upon the Chinese music they heard here during their excursions into Chinatown, are interesting. To the majority of visitors, musical or otherwise, the sounds extracted by an orchestra of Mongolians from their primitive banjoes and guitars is harder to endure than the screeching of the bagpipes or the blaring of the tomtom. Great then was the surprise when Paderewski expressed not only appreciation but approbation of the music executed by the champion artists of Chinatown. After awarding it his closest attention he announced that it was not only harmonious, but was dominated by a just and restraining sense of art, showing an advanced instead of a crude state of musical development. This is what the Chinese themselves say. It is our music they think primitive. Marsick, however, is of quite a different opinion. He says he can find neither form nor beauty nor art in the bewildering whining and braying of a Chinese musical composition. He says that it undoubtedly contains harmonies, and that what is known among the common herd as tunes occasionally appear in it, and wander on with constant repetitions and variations of the original theme. But to find in it any expression of advanced art is to him impossible. Like the rest of the world, he thinks it music in the savage state, the tentative attempts of a people who have not yet got on as far as "Little Annie Rooney."

Since the Midwinter Fair cast its glamour over San Francisco a great wave of artistic culture has swept the city. It has even been felt in those high places where the fate of works of art ordered to deck the public squares is decided. Its last victims have been the Board of Supervisors, who heretofore have had no qualms as to the artistic fitness of the statues and fountains which it pleased generous citizens to donate to their native town. That golden age of a careless irresponsibility has passed and gone. The City Fathers are possessed by a noble rage for true art. The angel on the dome of the City Hall, that has to go up with a modish shoulder-cape to take the place of her discarded wings, was the first trial of their strength. Their second blow for the cause of art has been to reject the design for the memorial Stevenson Fountain. Few reasons were given for this, only one of the City Fathers going so far as to say that "it looked too like a tombstone." The design, which has already been shown in the papers, is graceful, elegant, and unconventional. A simple shaft is surmounted by a bronze ship under full sail. The memorial mention and a verse from one of Stevenson's poems are cut in the shaft above the basin. This halt in the raising of the fountain, which has been talked of for over a year, is a great disappointment to Stevenson's friends and admirers here.

G. B.

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STATEMENT
For the year ending December 31 1895

Assets	$221,213,721 33
Liabilities	194,347,157 58
Surplus	$26,866,563 75
Total Income	$48,597,430 51
Total Paid Policy-holders in 1895	$23,126,728 45
Insurance and Annuities in force	$899,074,453 78
Net gain in 1895	$61,647,645 36

Note—Insurance merely *written* is discarded from this Statement as wholly misleading, and only insurance actually issued and paid for in cash is included.

I have carefully examined the foregoing Statement and find the same to be correct
Charles A. Preller Auditor

From the Surplus a dividend will be apportioned as usual

Report of the Examining Committee
Office of The Mutual Life Insurance Company of New York
February 11, 1896

At a meeting of the Board of Trustees of this Company, held on the 18th day of December last, the undersigned were appointed a Committee to examine the annual statement for the year ending December 31, 1895, and to verify the same by comparison with the assets of the Company.

The Committee have carefully performed the duty assigned to them, and hereby certify that the statement is in all particulars correct and that the assets specified therein are in possession of the Company.

In making this certificate the Committee bear testimony to the high character of the investments of the Company and express their approval of the system, order, and accuracy with which the accounts and vouchers have been kept, and the business in general transacted.

(Signed) H. C. von Post, Chas. R. Henderson, James C. Holden, Robert Olyphant, Wm. P. Dixon, J. H. Herrick, Committee

ROBERT A. GRANNISS Vice-President

Walter R. Gillette	General Manager
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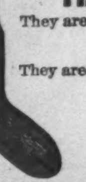
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They are the only half-hose that look well and wear well, because they are the only half-hose that fit well and because they are made in the
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A REVIVAL IN ICE SPORTS.

THE recent opening of the St. Nicholas Skating Rink has established a home for hockey in New York, and the game is rapidly becoming popular. The Canadian variation of the famous old English sport was first introduced here a few years ago by the members of the former St. Nicholas Skating Club, and the enthusiasm was greatly increased during the Christmas holidays of 1894 by the visit of the "All-American" hockey team to the Canadian home of the game. This team, composed of St. Nicholas and college players, learned a good deal of the sport during their brief visit, and have since been spreading the knowledge thus gained among their fellows. This winter the game has been taken up by a number of colleges and prominent clubs.

At Harvard and Brown ice-polo has been played this winter, while a number of the smaller clubs in New York have preferred this game to hockey. At Yale, Princeton, Johns Hopkins, and one or two other colleges, however, the Canadian sport prevails, and Harvard and Brown are expected to change their style of play next season to meet that of the other universities. The St. Nicholas Skating Club has organized a very strong team, including several college players, and an attempt will be made to popularize the newly imported game with spectators as well as with the players. Public matches were planned at the new rink for the early spring, but the delay in the completion of the building forced the opening so late in the winter that the mild weather will soon end the season for the sport. Next fall, however, a long schedule will be arranged, and intercollegiate and inter-club matches will be played every week at the rink.

In Baltimore, too, hockey has secured a strong foothold, and the Baltimore Athletic Club as well as the collegians have formed teams. The Baltimore athletes claim the championship of the country at the game—though by virtue of what victories it would be difficult to say—and have offered to defend that title against other teams. The St. Nicholas players have made one trip to Baltimore in a vain quest for the coveted honor, and a team from Yale also failed in a similar quest, each match being won by the Southerners by a close score. A picked team of college players made another trip with much better success a few weeks ago, when they succeeded in defeating the Baltimore Athletic Club.

Besides the St. Nicholas Skating Club, teams of New York club-men have been promised from the Knickerbocker Club, the University Club, the Racket and Tennis Club, the Union Club, Columbia College, and the University Athletic Club. They will practise and play all their matches on the St. Nicholas ice, and inter-club matches among them have been planned as one of the social attractions of next winter. They may also meet the college players in some of their matches.

A curious feature of the enthusiasm for the new sport is the success of lawn-tennis players in playing it. Among the best hockey-players in the St. Nicholas Club are ex-champions H. W. Slocum and R. D. Wrenn, M. G. Chace, W. A. Larned, H. A. Taylor, and Richard Stevens.

Between ice-polo and hockey there is enough difference to prevent the respective teams from meeting, though the games seem much alike to a casual observer. Canadian hockey is simply a modification of the old English sport of hockey or "shinney." The teams have been reduced from eleven to seven players, and a few minor changes made to adapt the play to ice from the open field. The most important of these is that the game is played with a "puck," a round piece of vulcanized rubber three inches in diameter and one inch thick, instead of a ball. This is driven across the ice with the hockey-sticks, and one of the recognized features of the play is the caroms of the puck from the edges of rink. These boundaries of the ice are used like the cushions of a billiard table.

Ice-polo, on the other hand, bears a strong resemblance to the original American polo, though the process of revision to make it adaptable for ice has brought it into nearer relation with hockey. Some years ago, when roller-skating became such a strong fad, a similar sport was started in the roller-skating rinks. Ice-polo is a modified version of this game, a ball still being used in play, but the goals being net-work "cages" instead of upright posts set in the ice.

The ball is driven faster and further in ice-polo than in the Canadian sport, a large part of which lies in "dribbling" the puck along the ice. The sticks, too, are larger and broader in hockey, while team-play is of much more value than in the other sport. Hockey calls for a tricky skater rather than a fast skater, and dodging is called into requisition almost as often as in lacrosse.

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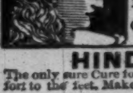

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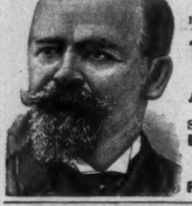

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AMATEUR SPORT

Mr. Caspar Whitney is making an extended tour through the United States, during the course of which he will visit the important centres of amateur sport. The results of his investigations will from time to time be sent to HARPER'S WEEKLY. *Special articles on matters interesting to sportsmen will meanwhile be published in this Department.*

PONIES AND PONY-BREEDING.

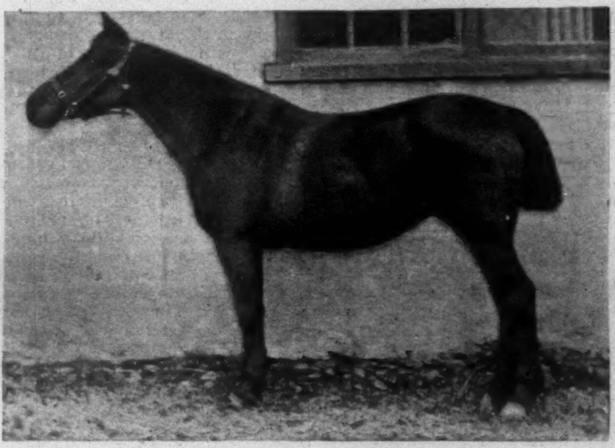
RACING, HUNTING, AND POLO PONIES.

PART IV.—(*Continued.*)

As noted in an earlier paper, no breeder in England has produced ponies superior to those bred by Rev. F. F. Vidal, at his Arab Stud Farm in Suffolk. His foundation was a very remarkable Exmoor mare named Mitre. This mare produced two daughters, Beauty and Coquette, by Kouch, an Arabian of the Seglawi Jedrāān family, sent to the Princess of Wales by the Sultan of Turkey, after a search of years before he could find an animal he would be willing to present to England's future Queen.

Three of Coquette's offspring are now in America. They are Gold Leaf, by El Dorado, winner of races across country and on the flat before coming to America; Flirt, by Miss Dillon's El Emir; and a stallion, foaled in 1892, Beau, son of the great Kismet.

When Mr. Vidal sent them to America he said he believed Beau the best pony in England. Of the performance of Beauty, sister to Coquette, Mr. Vidal wrote the following in July, 1894: "To-day week my boy Alan rode Beauty with stag-hounds. They had a phenomenal run over a big heavy country, leaving off in a bee-line twenty-five miles from where they started. Only six out of fifty were up at the finish, little Beauty and her rider being among the first two. *All the other five were second horses.* On the following Friday Beauty was ridden by Norman with fox-hounds, my daughter riding a half-bred 14.1, and Alan another half-bred 15 hands. Again there was



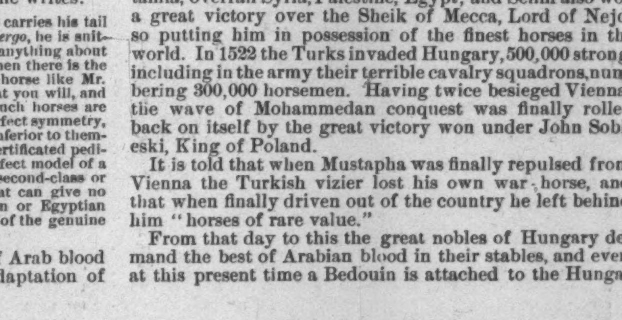
COQUETTE.

a punishing run of 2¼ hours, and all three were in front from start to finish."

It will be noticed that the similarity of methods used by the Hills and Mr. Vidal is quite marked, the first using the Welsh ponies as foundation, the latter the Exmoor. This method of procedure has not been followed without criticism by the uninitiated. Even within the past six months writers in the English press have cried down the system. To these Miss Dillon has given a very telling *quietus* in the London *Live-Stock Journal.* She writes:

"An Arab is picked up for a song at Tattersall's; he carries his tail high and has a beautiful head, and will give quality—*ergo*, he is suitable to be the sire of (Welsh) ponies. No one knows anything about his history, and he may have every equine defect, and then there is the outcry that the Arab is a failure! Take, however, a horse like Mr. Blunt's Shawan or Massand, and cross them with what you will, and you will have a very different tale. Why? Because such horses are of known breed, with great bone and substance, and perfect symmetry, and their pure blood cannot 'throw back' to anything inferior to themselves. Lord Stanley, of Alderley, has a pure Arab of certificated pedigree that has done great good at Penrhos. He is a perfect model of a 16-stone weight-carrier. . . . There are quantities of second-class or fifth-class Arabs about that are to be had for £20 that can give no account of themselves, and are probably either Syrian or Egyptian horses with the Arab head and tail, and nothing else of the genuine animal about them."

This latter-day appreciation of the value of Arab blood is not a new discovery. It is merely an adaptation of known meritorious qualities in horse-flesh to modern demands. That it has now come to be recognized as a rich vein for intelligent working may be directly traced to the remarkable journeys in Arabia during the late seventies by the lamented Major Upton and the Blunts. They brought with them from the Auezah tribes of Bedouins (with whom they spent months in the desert, living in their tents, speaking their language) a type of horse that had not been seen of late years—since the Turks were lords over the Arabs—such as had been talked of for centuries by poets and writers of fiction. Major Upton was able to publish, also, an account of the origin and families of Arabian horses that was the opening of a new book on the subject to the Western world. Having let in the daylight upon this mystery, the great war between the Bedouin tribes followed in short order. Jedaan and other great sheiks, friends of Upton and the Blunts, lost their lives in this civil strife, and many of the choicest horses came to the surface and fell into the hands of Europeans. Of those now occurring to mind that attained new ownership in this manner we may name Miss Dillon's mare Jedrania, besides Kismet and Blitz, already mentioned in a previous paper, and others.



BEAU—BY KISMET, OUT OF COQUETTE.

Yet, as said before, this modern application is not a new discovery of the value of Arab blood. A proof of its efficiency was given at the great long-distance ride of officers in the Prussian and Austrian armies, who raced between Berlin and Vienna in 1892.

The winner of the race was Maresa, owned by an Austrian officer. He was a small Magyar horse bred in a private stud on the Stukweisserburge Comitat, his sire being Gidran, his dam an undersized Hotsul or Hucul mare. This mare had been given by her breeder to one of the *czikos*, or mounted stock-men, who herd the mobs of mares that graze on the mountains.

One night a burglary took place some ten German miles (fifty English miles) from the stud to which this horseherd was attached. Witnesses swore that they had seen him in the act; but other reputable witnesses, a number of them, were able to verify the fact that the man was seen at his post at eight in the evening and four in the morning of the night of the burglary, so the man was acquitted. Soon afterwards the fellow was seriously ill, and believed himself about to die. He confessed that he was indeed the robber, and told that he had ridden his mare the fifty miles over the mountain and fifty miles return in seven hours, and had time to commit the crime.

It is said that these Hotsuls are nearly the only known tribe of riding mountaineers. Their little horses are noted for great weight-carrying powers, are active, wiry, sure-footed, untiring, and very gentle. They are descended from the high-caste Arab horses brought into the Karpathians by the Turks, who have invaded the country no less than ninety times within the last five hundred years. They are generally black, black-brown, or bay, and from 13 hands 2 inches to 14.2 high. They are said to be the best shooting ponies in the world, and can endure great hardships, never tasting grain, and pastured on mountains where there is said to be no day without rain or snow.

Bred at the neighboring stud of Radautz, or at that of Megohegyes, the Gidran—more properly Jedrāān, so called from one of the highest caste Arab families—is either of pure desert blood, or Arab crossed with carefully selected English thoroughbreds. Those bred at Radautz range in freedom over the wild Karpathian plateaux during the summer, and one of these was the sire—the little robber Hotsul mare was the dam—of Maresa, who carried his rider from Vienna to Berlin, 425 miles, between Monday morning and Thursday noon of the same week.

Not only so, but the Prussian officer who was awarded the gold medal on reaching Vienna, Lieutenant W. von Gaffien was mounted on a horse of similar breeding, a brown gelding 15 hands high, bred by Count Potocki in Galicia. Though Maresa made the distance in two or three hours' less time, Von Gaffien's horse came through apparently uninjured by this cruel test, whose severity can be judged by the fact that of one hundred and seventeen Prussian officers starting from Berlin only seventy-one reached Vienna; the horses of the other forty-six died *en route.*

There is then this slight compensation for the sufferings of these afflicted countries of the Balkan peninsula, so often the scene of Turkish rapine, in that when driven out, the invaders have left good horses behind them. Constantinople was captured by Mohammed II. in 1453. His successors, Bajazet II. and Selim I., conquered Mesopotamia, overran Syria, Palestine, Egypt; and Selim also won a great victory over the Sheik of Mecca, Lord of Nejd, so putting him in possession of the finest horses in the world. In 1522 the Turks invaded Hungary, 500,000 strong, including in the army their terrible cavalry squadrons, numbering 300,000 horsemen. Having twice besieged Vienna, the wave of Mohammedan conquest was finally rolled back on itself by the great victory won under John Sobieski, King of Poland.

It is told that when Mustapha was finally repulsed from Vienna the Turkish vizier lost his own war-horse, and that when finally driven out of the country he left behind him "horses of rare value."

From that day to this the great nobles of Hungary demand the best of Arabian blood in their stables, and even at this present time a Bedouin is attached to the Hungarian army as master of horse, having the rank of Major, charged with the duty of selecting the best Arabian horses for the royal studs. These were regularly established in 1785, the animals chosen at their foundation being especially selected for their symmetry, power, and action. Since that time careful record of pedigrees has been kept, and the breeding carried on by a scheme of intelligent selection. Outside the government breeding establishments there are no less than 150 private studs, in which are to be found 5000 Arab mares of purest blood.

BEAUTY—POLO-PONY MARE.

These Hungarian breeding studs are mentioned for two particular reasons. One is because they were the source whence came the remarkable animals above mentioned, and so have attracted great attention to their blood resources and methods of selection. The other reason is, because it is said—how truly the present writer cannot say—that a syndicate of English pony-breeders has sent an expert to that country in order to secure mares for use in breeding the high-caste ponies now under our attention. It can only be said that if the report is not true, it ought to be.

SPENCER BORDEN.

PACIFIC COAST AMATEUR SPORT ETHICS.

CERTAINLY it is curious that, with unsurpassed climatic conditions and all natural surroundings favorable, amateur sport on the Pacific coast, outside of the universities, has made nowhere near the progress in the last two or three years that might be expected of it. And it is my conviction this may be attributed to the misdirection of athletic-club influence and a distorted conception of what is an amateur. There more than in any other section of the country I have visited the vicious element seems to be in evidence, particularly in San Francisco, where, it is most unfortunately true, it seems to have made its voice heard above all others. Whatever there has been of a sporting spirit has run to boxing exhibitions and to an unwholesome maintenance of baseball and football teams. Those who might have held their clubs to a rightful course on the true amateur basis have, as a rule, been too indifferent, and that control has usually been exercised by a "manager," who was in some instances not even a member of the club. I think I never met a more extraordinary condition of affairs, viewed from the amateur standpoint, than has existed in some of the California clubs. The Olympic Club baseball nine was professional in everything but name, and has recently been declared so, in fact, by the Pacific Association. But the remarkable part is that the Olympic Club should have tolerated for so long the exhibition of this nine Sunday after Sunday, under its colors at the Central Park grounds, for the gate receipts. It is extraordinary that the club should have advertised this notorious organization on the regular Olympic Club bulletin circular, over the signature of Charles J. Bosworth, secretary of the club, and "by order of the Board of Directors." I say it is extraordinary the members of the Olympic Club should have permitted such a disgraceful state of affairs so long, and that it should finally have been brought to a sense of decency, not by its own action, but by the Investigating Committee of the Pacific Athletic Association of the A. A. U., of which William F. Humphrey is the president. I cite the Olympic Club, not that it has been the sole offender, but because it is the oldest and most important club on the coast, and its example therefore the more pernicious.

ALL THE OTHER CLUBS OF ANY NOTE, excepting possibly the Multnomah of Portland (Oregon) and the Los Angeles (California), have sinned in less degree. In football the offence has not been so extreme as in baseball. In the latter actual professionalism was permitted, in football the tendency towards professionalism was widespread and marked. Players were not paid money, which some Californians seem to think the only manner of transgressing the ethics of amateur sport, but men were gathered from hither and yon, and played without being members of the club they represented, and in some instances were promised positions for their athletic assistance. The Olympic and Reliance Clubs, the two largest on the Pacific coast, each played several men on their teams who had been "gathered," and several who were not even members of the team at the time they were playing. The Reliance had one under a fictitious name. And yet some of those in active control of athletics on the Coast had the effrontery to resent the criticisms in this Department!

IF FURTHER ILLUSTRATION WERE WANTING of the athletic corruption and confusion of ideas touching an amateur on the Pacific coast, the San Francisco exploitation of the Butte football eleven would furnish it.

This Butte eleven is not what those having a proper grasp of the subject consider as amateur. I do not know and cannot assert that its members are paid cash, but I do know that it is an aggregation of men to some of whom, one way and another, their residence in Butte is incidental